
CORONET
BRUARY
25¢
Secretaries squawk—a revealing challenge:
Men Are Lousy Bosses
16 extra pages including a new bookette: Publicity is Broccoli

CORONET

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1942

Publisher: DAVID A. SMART
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Articles

Men Are Lousy Bosses . . . . . HELEN FURNAS 3
Unemployment Insurance Racket . . W. F. MC DERMOTT 8
Legion of Valor . . . . . HOWARD WHITMAN 16
Methuselahs of the Microphone . . . . . KATE HOLLIDAY 25
Nerve Center of Our Air Power . . KENT SAGENDORPH 32
Semi-Lunatics at Large . . . . . MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM 55
The Revolt of the Aged . . . . . GRETTA PALMER 107
Grand Central Station! . . . . . CURT RIESS 113
Good News on Infantile Paralysis . . . . . B. B. TOLNAI 119
Ziegfelds of the Greenhouse . . . . . PRISCILLA JAQUITH 127
The Deadly Top Floor . . . . . PAUL W. KEARNEY 144
Infinity in Reverse . . . . . MICHAEL EVANS 148
Lords in Steel Helmets . . . . . HANS HABE 155

Streamlined Novel

Mad Mission to Berlin: Second of four parts
OSCAR SCHISGALL 60

Fiction Feature

Rendezvous with Treason . . . . . FREDERICK NEBEL 132

Features

Military Training in High Schools . . . . DR. G. GALLUP 14
Blitzquiz: *Fifty Questions* 37
China Fights Back! *Picture Story* . MME. CHIANG KAI-SHEK 39
The Gallery of Photographs 71
Inside Radio: *Portfolio of Personalities* 99
George Washington: *Painting by Gilbert Stuart* 123
Publicity Is Broccoli: *Coronet Booklette* 159

Miscellany

Forgotten Mysteries . . . . . R. DEWITT MILLER 30
Not of Our Species 69
Your Other Life 97
Merchant Magic 143
Carleton Smith's Corner 153



Cover Girl

Though she had graced many a magazine cover, Katharine Aldridge was not considered famous in the eyes of the help at Bladensfield (the family plantation) until her picture began to appear in mail-order catalogues. A rising Twentieth Century-Fox starlet, Katharine plans to use some of her paychecks to modernize the 250-year-old Virginia manor where she was born and bred. Once a secretary in Baltimore, she became a Powers model, followed the trail to Hollywood. William Ritter, New York photographer, put her on this month's Coronet.

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Lend an ear, you swivel-chair loungers, you mumblers and mutterers, you wolves in chalk-stripe clothing. At last your secretaries have their say!

Men Are Lousy Bosses

by HELEN FURNAS

LAST YEAR, stenographers at Westinghouse Electric received an inter-office memo that set their pulses tingling. It invited them to set down—confidentially and with a prize for the juiciest results—all grievances against Westinghouse bosses. No holds barred.

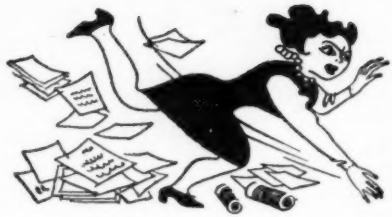
The girls tore into their typewriters with relish. When they had finished, many a male executive could well have hung his head in shame. Besides proving themselves to be amazing observers of human nature, Westinghouse's stenographers amassed a list of comments pointing to an alarming conclusion.

Men, the group implied, are lousy bosses!

Consider, for example, this composite boss, seen for the first time from a stenographer's-eye view:

At times, this take-a-letter man sounds as if his mouth were full of mush, and he talks so fast he makesawholesentencesoundlikeoneword. But the next moment he'll be dreaming out the window — and in between times, he ers and ahs hard-to-get phrases through the stem of his pipe.

And what a pipe! Like an old musty incinerator to her young nostrils. Through it he sputters or swallows four- and five-syllable proper names like Rumpelstiltskin, expecting *her* to handle the spelling. And then, just as she is about to scream, *he* has the effrontery to become nervous—pacing like a caged tiger, talking over his shoulder, pulling his tie. But he finishes, at last, sprawled at his desk



in a fit of pencil-tapping as he "begs" and "hopes" and "remains" the letter to an unnecessarily drawn-out conclusion.

She leaves his ice-box office, finally —glad to get back to the comparatively pleasant task of fitting his murmurings into a readable letter. The trouble is, though, she *knows* she isn't through. Sure as taxes he'll rush in breathlessly from a bull session with a plea of "just one more letter to go tonight"—*at five o'clock!*

Actually, most of the bosses at Westinghouse who took it on the chin figured the girls had given them some useful hints and said so out loud. And such brick-throwing contests are now cropping up in many other big organizations, too.

Girls buttonholed individually, however, say questionnaires can never solve everything that's wrong. A girl will still have to start right back at scratch with any boss, figure out which way he's going to jump and get there first—if she can.

For example, remembering to forget when working for Mr. B. most of what was the order of the day when working for Mr. A. is the first thing to learn. The second is that Mr. A.—or Mr. B., for that matter—doesn't necessarily want the same thing on Tuesday he wanted on Monday. Some bosses like their grammatical boners corrected—some of the time. "What d'you mean by changing thingamabob to thingamajig?" is just as apt next day to be "Why in the devil didn't you change thingamajig to thingamabob? This letter's got to be done over."

Or like the times Mr. Big rushes in from lunch, tosses his hat and overcoat on the desk-chair and tells Miss Pencil over his shoulder he'll be in conference for the next hour. Miss Pencil takes this as notice he doesn't want to be bothered and fights off half a dozen telephone calls on her own hook.

To later reports of five of them the boss is indifferent. Then "Do you mean to say *Gilkins* called and you didn't let me know?" Come next conference, she puts Gilkins through with all possible speed—and the boss comes out snarling and snorting about being disturbed. You just never know.

JUNIOR EXECUTIVES and tenth vice-presidents are the worst offenders. They are never sure enough of themselves to stick to one way of doing things and they find it so relaxing to pass along the kicks they get from customers and higher-ups to somebody who can't talk back.

"They're little office Hitlers," said one girl. "I've seen them deliberately muffle words and mumble addresses with a gimlet-eyed air of 'Wanna-make-something-of-it?' "

Tactful protest on the stenograph-

er's part about foggy enunciation often produces roaring-bull dictation, to say nothing of hurt or reproachful looks.

Dictation interspersed with conversational remarks about business conditions or the weather—all in the same tone of voice—is hard to get. So is dictation mixed with the hum of the office electric razor. One girl said her all-time low was trying daily to take letters from a prominent society woman through a half-shut bathroom door with the bathwater running.

NO UMBRELLA-TOTING professor, say the girls, can hold a candle to alert men of business for absent-mindedness. They are forever making dates and expecting you to dream it out of the air that they aren't going to keep them and arrange a suitable alibi.

It's not at all unusual for a man to have his secretary make him four reservations on four separate planes, miss the first two without notifying her and fly off lightheartedly to Washington, leaving her to iron it all out with the airline.

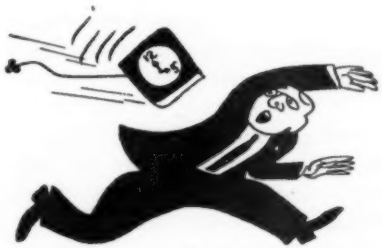
Few men at the top of their professions seem to have digested the fact that banks close early. It's invariably just at five, sighs the secretary, when the boss suddenly remembers he needs a hundred dollars. Then it becomes imperative for her to trot over to the club or hotel on a check-cashing expedition, while her best boy-friend may have to cool his heels for an hour.

"They don't seem to realize we've got any lives of our own," says one secretary, complaining that, although theoretically her boss knows that one to two is her lunch-hour, whenever he's out of town he's sure to pick just that time to call her station-to-station on something very important.

There also ought to be a course in trouble-shooting that secretaries could take right along with their Pitman or Gregg. Something that would prepare a girl for the time, for instance, when she's working for the firm of John Jones, Sr. and John Jones, Jr., with their private bills coming into the office and all the purchases mixed up because of the similarity of names.

With both father and son counting on her not to let the one know what expensive presents the other is sending his girl-friend, the secretary has to use a good deal of ingenuity. Or the not-so-rare occasions when it is incumbent on a man's secretary to keep rival girl-friends or wife and girl-friend from locking horns.

That's where the cunning of the serpent comes in handy. When the office telephone rang at 9:30—half an hour before the boss was due—and a female voice said "This is Miss Gale. Will you check up with Mr. Fletcher on whether he's lunching



with me today or tomorrow?" the secretary, who knew all about the luncheon arrangement, thought fast.

It was highly unlikely that a musical comedy star like Lottie Gale would be awake at 9:30. This was probably not Miss Gale at all but Mrs. Fletcher pulling an understandable fast one on her husband's confidential secretary. So she just asked how do you spell the name Gale, and will you leave your number, please?—and the wife, if it was the wife, had to hang up baffled.

Secretaries often admit preferring girl-friends to wives anyway, because a man's girl-friend is more likely to recognize his secretary as a potentially useful ally and treat her accordingly with Chanel No. 5 and plenty of honeyed words. On the other hand, lack of consideration, jealousy and plenty of petty imposition come from the ladies whose claims on the boss are duly registered in City Hall.

Once a man allows his wife to use his secretary for her own private affairs, the girls say there's no end to it. Shopping for girdles, diapers, costume jewelry, taking the kids to the dentist, shipping Pekingese to the country, anything and everything Mrs. Boss finds inconvenient gets heaped on the secretary's slim shoulders, while work piles up at the office to be finished after five.

THE BOSS'S OWN little idiosyncrasies don't seem to bother the girls half as much as their wives'. With maternal indulgence secretaries report such extra-curricular duties as watering plants, spraying the boss's throat, shopping for socks and neckties, sewing on buttons, collecting stamps, helping do crossword puzzles, using a Chinese abacus and hiding the paperclips from a boss who has a nervous habit of eating them.

The boat-dippy boss who keeps a barometer in his office and has it checked with the weather-bureau every noon also has his secretary make oyster stew on a small electric stove while he tips back in his desk-chair and tells interminable sea-yarns. Keeping track of the boss's pipe or spectacles sometimes is a full-time job. Certain secretaries are expected to know the answers to questions like "Where can you get me a stuffed owl in a hurry?" "How should the invitation to a double wedding be worded?" "Where can I get hold of an obelisk?"

Few girls resent these little chores, especially if the boss is an eligible bachelor. Hollywood has helped keep the Horatio Alger tradition in marry-the-boss terms alive and glowing. But that doesn't mean, as some bosses seem to think, that every attractive girl on an office job welcomes the advances of every paunchy gent with a marked bald-spot.

"Watch that first suggestion of going along to talk business with the boss at lunch," says a secretary who has been around for twenty years. "If you don't duck that, next time it's 'My wife is out of town, Miss Zilch, and I've got two tickets for a show. Seems a pity to waste 'em'." And so on, the ice getting thinner with every thinner excuse.

Fancy lists of personal specifications from bosses when asking employment agencies for candidates, however, aren't always just a matter of the roving eye. Many men take an innocent pride in having their offices handsomely appointed all the way from the president's polished mahogany desk to lissome curves back of the typewriters.

However the boss who insists on a secretary pledged never to wear a girdle is definitely suspect. So is the dreamer who wants his girl to stick to sweaters for office wear and rejects an applicant who hurriedly claims to be allergic to wool. But requests for blondes or red-heads or girls not over 125 pounds, often simply reflect the New York Widget Manufacturing Co.'s idea of the way to knock out the eye of the Detroit Widget Manufacturing Co. or vice versa.

The result is that shapely legs are every bit as essential as 100 words a minute, and every applicant for the job of turning out neat typing and keeping the fountain pens filled has to look and sound like a debutante applying for a passport. Florenz Ziegfeld in all his glory couldn't have been choosier than some of the tired business men to whom he used to cater.

Employment agencies feel that things have gone altogether too far in this direction. A horrible example concerns a New York agency and a prominent business man who wanted a secretary able to take the machine-gun-like dictation he rattled off at 185 words per minute. Applicant after applicant failed to make the grade.

When the agency was desperate, in walked a girl who produced from her purse a diamond-studded medal won in a shorthand speed contest. Asking no further questions, the agency bundled her into a taxi and sent her over to Mr. Big's. Half an hour later the phone rang.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Big, "she got my dictation OK. But you better send me somebody else. Her ankles are too thick!"

—*Suggestion for further reading:*

TAKE A LETTER, PLEASE!
by John B. Opdycke $2.75
Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York

Royal Sanctuary

IN HIS earlier days of power, Mussolini debarred the King from all functions of state; but on one occasion permitted his attendance at a meeting of the Royal Council.

As the King was making his exit, he happened to drop his handkerchief on the floor.

Instantly Mussolini was at his side to retrieve it. "Your Majesty," he said, "I would like to keep this as a souvenir of today's meeting."

"No, no," replied the King. "This handkerchief is the only thing left in Italy in which I can put my nose."—L. ALWOOD

"Collect while you work," is the theme song of a new kind of bandit. With a phony layoff as his weapon, he loots the public treasury



Unemployment Insurance Racket

by WILLIAM F. MCDERMOTT

A NEGRO DISHWASHER in one of America's largest hotels sloshed gaily through the suds.

"Boy, I'se happy!" he half-sang, half-twittered as the plates and cups rolled out.

"What's yo'all so happy 'bout?" a bus-boy interrupted his chant.

"Cause I'se got easy money."

At first he didn't want to give up his secret. But flattery and cajoling finally won out. He had cooked up a scheme to collect on public job insurance by reporting from a plant which had fired him and concealing the fact that he had a new job.

"Yo jus' go to haidquahters and say yo' hain't workin'," he explained to the admiring crew about him. "Tell 'em yo' last boss fired you and yo' can't get no uhthuh job. Take time off when they comes aroun' to 'vestigate yuh."

They got the cue and one by one began to work it. Soon the whole crowd was singing "Boy, I'se happy!" while checks rolled in. Crap games increased, and the lads began to brag. Word reached the ears of the management.

In the course of the cleanup it was discovered that *eighty* employees of that one hotel were robbing the public treasury of thousands of dollars monthly intended to tide over the unemployed until they could find new positions.

In another instance in the same state, forty employees of a packing house were found to have concocted a scheme whereby they could tap the till. They too got away with a large

amount of money before their theft was discovered.

It's all a part of the newest—and what some authorities say is the fastest growing—racket in America, namely, defrauding the state unemployment compensation treasuries.

In New York State the Department of Labor, which handles the job insurance, estimates upwards of $2,000,000 was lost last year through payment of fraudulent benefits. It had approximately 12,000 cases of alleged fraud to investigate. One six-man fraud control unit alone uncovered 2,300 cases of graft in New York City.

The most extensive conspiracy was in the needle trades and among garment workers who used a "work ticket system" to mulct public funds. The racket centered about piece work. For each unit completed a worker is given a ticket. On payday he exchanges his tickets for cash, collecting on the actual amount of work done. The trick was for one worker to turn three-fourths or more of his tickets to a partner, who turned them in with his own and thus drew not only his own pay but most of the first person's as well. The latter would report to the job insurance bureau he was making only $4 or $5 a week, and would collect enough from it to make out the full legal allowance. Then he would get back from his partner the money for his own work tickets and would split with him the "gravy" from the public treasury.

In Illinois, Attorney-General George F. Barrett charged that unemployment compensation, which paid out $40,000,000 in the last fiscal year, was being looted of millions of dollars through rackets. He pointed out that the fund contained $188,000,000, and was therefore greedily eyed by the crooked.

In Pennsylvania, sensational headlines focussed the public's attention upon racketeering which imperiled the state's $180,000,000 jobless fund. The state director of unemployment compensation, Ernest Kelly, said the fraud was alarming and that it was threatening the entire job insurance system. Records of 21 employers out of the 145,000 in the state—the selection was made at random—revealed over a period of six weeks that 965 employees were collecting unemployment pay even while they were working full time.

EVERY STATE in the union—plus Alaska and Hawaii — has unemployment compensation systems. Billions of dollars have already been collected, and hundreds of millions of dollars are disbursed annually. The graft potentialities where such vast sums are involved are nothing less than staggering. The plan, universal as it is, has not yet been in operation

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Readers who met William F. McDermott in last month's Coronet may remember him as a Kansas-born newspaperman with ministerial training, a combination which perhaps explains his philosophy: "I do not think the world is going to the dogs; neither is the millennium just around the corner." On the theory that one of the first steps in correcting an abuse is to expose it, Mr. McDermott here tells how a reform meant to be an economic stabilizer is being threatened.

long enough for politicians to make a colossal pork barrel out of it, such as it has done with highway funds in some states. Time will develop the corruption which always accompanies huge public assessments where law enforcement is lax and the public conscience is indifferent. At the present time, the chief threat to this welfare program is the racketeering done by the beneficiaries and the speed with which a new form of grafting on it spreads.

The first countrywide survey to be made in this field reveals the diabolical trickery already put into effect in widely scattered places. It serves to warn public officials of what they may expect in the way of racketeering in the near future.



One trick is to shift from day to night work, registering the layoff by the last employer but failing to name the new job. Routine investigation by the unemployment compensation bureau of every state involves checking with the last employer, whose name is given by the jobless person. It also means a call at his home to verify that he isn't working. Working nights, the applicant is usually at home—apparently good evidence that he is unemployed.

Many get away with it, but not all. A printer in a western city tried it. He succeeded in collecting nearly $20 a week for four months. He sighed when the time limit was reached, but got a kick out of the fact that he had put one over. He chuckled too soon. Word got around of his "luck." Someone sent an anonymous letter to the bureau. He was brought to trial, forced to pay back the full amount, lost his job, served thirty days in jail —and got no unemployment compensation when he really was jobless and normally entitled to collect.

In an Illinois city, a schemer got hold of his brother's social security card and masqueraded as his brother without the latter's knowledge. He applied for unemployment compensation, but got something else. Investigation showed his brother to be working and the whole thing to be a fraud. Instead of collecting money, he collected four months in jail.

Pennsylvania found the most difficult cases of fraud to uncover are those where collusion between employer and employee exists. Instances were uncovered where part-time work, which spread evenly over a period of time provided more payment per week than jobless compensation would yield, was manipulated by bookkeepers so it would show laborers to be working full time for two weeks and then to be laid off two weeks. The worker claimed unemployment compensation for the latter, of course.

In several states, employed girls quitting to get married have used the job insurance as a racket to get a "dowry" — money to furnish their

homes. An indulgent employer "fires" them just before wedding-march-and-orange-blossom time, and they duly report themselves jobless and ready to work. But job or no job, the marriage bells ring on time, and there's a gala honeymoon as the celebrants feel secure in the knowledge that four months' part pay for the bride by the state will go a long way in paying for the furniture.

One of the most novel schemes comes out of California where a man is reported to have turned a Jekyll-and-Hyde trick. He made of himself a dual personality, with two names and two social security cards. He was never out of a job and never out of unemployment insurance during the period it was designed to cover. When working at a job under one name and social security number, he was out of work on the other—he never failed, of course, to report his unemployment. It spun along beautifully until he began bragging and someone turned him in.

An ambitious soul in an eastern state really had genius that should have been put to better use. He was a zealous WPA worker—for himself. Besides being on WPA, he managed to get on relief. But a double wasn't enough for him, he had to make it a triple: the result was, he got himself registered as jobless and collected unemployment compensation as well! Later, six months in jail was added to his activities, when incredulous investigators had succeeded in unraveling the complexities of his plan.

All sorts of "vacation" rackets are worked in connection with jobless pay, various state authorities find. Major League ball players in St. Louis, although drawing handsome salaries in the summer time, found themselves "unemployed" in the winter. Ten managed to make fast double plays, getting state aid during the hot-stove league season when they were free from diamond duties and dangers.

Then there are those who like long fishing trips. They work at a job just long enough to earn the required amount to enable them to draw the maximum unemployment allowance during one year. In Illinois, for instance, that amount to be earned is $1,020. Then by slowing down on the job, being careless about work, or other inefficiency, they manage to get themselves fired. Sixteen dollars a week for sixteen weeks will keep one fairly comfortable in a shack by a lake, providing the zealous one is wise enough to arrange his discharge early in summer.

One state uncovered a wholesale fraud in a prominent city night club. Chorus girls, dice girls, musicians, even orchestra leaders, were all drawing daytime unemployment compensation while they worked nights raking in the tips. They kicked back twenty per cent to a bureau clerk who covered up the racketeering by false entries.

A novel means for a man to get on the job dole is to be "unemployed" by running his own business under an assumed name. A butcher or a

plumber may get himself "laid off," get compensation and meantime develop a nice little business of his own. But it doesn't always work. A painter tried it, ending up with a $100 fine and three months in jail.

Most states keep hot on the trail of defrauders. Where the case is on the "border line" and evidence is not strong enough to convict, a settlement is made on the basis of the return of the money paid out. In some cases, the party is innocent of an actual crime. He is allowed to keep his job and pays back on the installment plan.

Conscience and fear often conspire to bring about a confession and repayment. If repentance is real, there is usually no criminal prosecution if the money is returned. One man raced into a bureau office. "I'm ready to go," he said. "Where to?" the information man asked him. "To jail," he replied. Investigation revealed he not only had with him funds to repay the state, but he was ready to take his punishment. It was waived.

Cases are taken to trial only when conviction seems certain. Last year Illinois took 600 persons to trial on job dole charges and obtained 600 convictions. As Attorney-General Barrett pointed out, if racketeers find they can beat cases in court, the dikes are smashed and floods of graft will result. By careful investigation and well-prepared evidence, public officials believe they can keep racketeering under control even if it can't be wiped out. But if politics enter in and courts weaken—look out for the most stupendous grafting ever known. The tremendous amounts of money being handled indicate the extent of the danger.

DEFENDERS of the public purse have many ways of uncovering fraud without relying upon chance detective work. Clues may be picked up all along the trail of the crook. Thousands of investigations, the chief attorney of a state unemployment compensation department told me, have revealed 40 per cent of the tips on fraud come from neighbors, disgruntled relatives or other associates; 30 per cent from employers; and 30 per cent of the frauds are discovered in routine checking. Many tips come in anonymous letters, most of which are genuine.

A bartender making $25 a week managed to tap the unemployment gold mine. He waved his check before his patrons exclaiming "Easy money!" One of the saloon regulars, whom the bartender had refused a slug of whisky on credit, scrawled a postcard notice to the governor. It was intelligible enough to make known its message. The bartender left his own bar for jail bars.

The postman knows who is getting jobless pay. The corner grocer or saloon-keeper is called on to cash the check from the unemployment compensation bureau. Word gets around. If there is fraud, information sooner or later will reach someone who has a grudge against the beneficiary of the dole. It's his chance to get even.

That's what the fraud-chasers call

"self-policing." The system carries its own protection to a considerable degree. It functions also to a large degree with employers. While some will practice collusion with employees to defraud the state, others will act as guardians and will communicate suspicions to the authorities about present or former employees. One employer was suspicious of a worker who took every Wednesday afternoon off. He found the man was reporting to the job insurance office. Informed that the man had a steady job, the bureau prosecuted him.

Whether this newest racket will grow to be the nation's greatest racket depends entirely upon the public conscience. Job insurance, like fire, has tremendous possibilities of human benefit; it can also ruthlessly destroy. If politics is allowed to enter into its administration and if the people are as indifferent to the looting of the fund as they are of other public moneys, then watch out. Here are millions, and eventually billions, that can be played with.

Job insurance is a two-edged sword. Not only can it breed professional racketeers, but it can also pauperize the mass of the people by the idea of something for nothing. A successful scheme to milk the treasury and at the same time beat the penalty will spread faster than a contagious disease or a prairie fire. And such abuse might doom the whole system.



Lucky Friday

HOWEVER unlucky Friday might have been for other people, it certainly hasn't been unlucky for the United States.

On Friday, August 3, 1492, Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery. On Friday, October 12, he first discovered land.

On Friday, March 5, 1496, the King of England gave John Cabot his commission which led to the discovery of North America. On Friday, September 7, 1565, Menendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the U. S.

On Friday, November 11, 1620, the Pilgrims in the Mayflower signed that august Compact, the forerunner of our Constitution. On Friday, December 21, 1620, the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. On Friday, June 7, 1776, John Adams moved in Congress that these united colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent states. On Friday, September 22, 1780, the treason of Arnold was exposed, which saved us from destruction. On Friday, October 19, 1781, Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown.

—ALVIN F. HARLOW



Military Training in High Schools?

by Dr. George Gallup

Schoolboys in dictator countries are given training in military tactics before they have long pants. Whenever the idea of military training for young boys in this country has been suggested, it has had to face the criticism that such a plan would smack too much of totalitarianism. What the public thinks about the question today is reported herewith for readers by the Director of the American Institute of Public Opinion.

The Issue:

Should courses in military training be given boys in high school?

How the Public Votes:

Yes	69%
No	31%

NOT LONG AGO 350 schoolboys in two high schools at Cambridge, Mass., presented a petition to the school committee asking for courses in military training. The young leader of the movement said: "When we are drafted, the Army course in high school will prove of great value. We want to be ready in the high schools if need arises."

The Cambridge students have hit upon something which has the overwhelming support of public opinion from coast to coast. If school boards throughout the country were to take their own soundings of public opinion in their local communities they would find, on the average, a two to one vote in favor of high school military training.

A comment on this opinion

At first glance, this would seem to indicate that the country has developed such a case of war fever that it wants to put even the youngsters in khaki. Actually, there is no bloodthirsty motive back of the public's attitude.

The majority want to see military training in the high schools chiefly because they think American youngsters lack obedience and have insufficient respect for discipline.

"I had four years of military training in school," one typical voter said. "It taught me to obey orders, to respect authority and to love my country. Those are precisely the things that American youth needs most today."

Hundreds of other people in the survey expressed similar sentiments—"it would teach my sons to obey," "it would make better citizens out of our youth," "discipline is what the boys need nowadays," "military training teaches a young man the value of disciplined group effort toward a common end."

Many others, particularly mothers in the survey, also stress the value of physical training. They believe that military work would toughen up the muscles and improve the health of the nation's young boys.

One woman, a widow in Prescott, Ark., said: "The training would be good for our boys physically. How I wish my boy could have it now, he is so stoop-shouldered!"

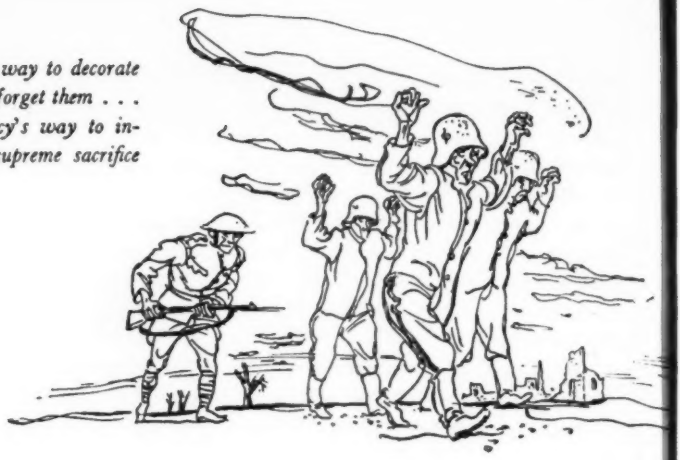
Opposition to the idea of military training in high schools comes chiefly from the Mid-West farm area, where isolationist sentiment runs high and where boys get plenty of physical exercise doing farm work.

But even in the isolationist strongholds, a majority favors the idea.

Just to indicate how universally popular is the plan which the Cambridge students proposed, here is the vote by geographical regions in favor of high school military training: New England and Middle Atlantic, 70 percent, East Central, 69 percent, West Central, 58 percent, South, 80 percent, Far West, 73 percent.

Those opposed to the idea say that high school boys are too young for military training, and that they will get all the training they need later on in the draft camps.

It is a democracy's way to decorate her heroes and then forget them . . . as it is a democracy's way to inspire them to the supreme sacrifice



Legion of Valor

by HOWARD WHITMAN

WHAT MAKES a hero? In search of the answer, I talked to dozens of America's best soldiers, many of them with enough ribbons on their chests to make them look like ambulatory rainbows. They told tales of blood and thunder. But from all the heroics they described, three small yet epic stories left the most indelible impressions.

One was the story of Sing Kee, from New York's Chinatown. He was at the front with the A. E. F. in 1918 and all hell was breaking loose. Far out in no man's land, a battalion was hopelessly trapped. Shellbursts and the pounding of artillery were incessant. Could someone get through to the trapped battalion? Sing Kee's commanding officer was pondering the question. Suddenly he threw down his map and pencil dejectedly.

"What's the use," he muttered, "there isn't a Chinaman's chance."

Sing Kee perked up his ears.

"I'm a Chinaman!" he chirped. "I get through all right!" And he did. Soldiers still call Sing's deed miraculous. The intrepid Oriental went on to other deeds. And when he returned to Chinatown a grateful Uncle Sam adorned him with the Distinguished Service Cross.

The second story is of an ensign aboard a British man-of-war. A 16-inch gun was fired, but something went wrong and the giant shell failed to go off. It remained inside the barrel, live, dangerous, ready to explode at any second and blow the ship to kingdom come. Before a single order was given, the ensign scrambled like a monkey out to the end of the deadly gun barrel. He crawled head first into the muzzle and slid all the

way down, until his hands touched the mis-fired shell.

Working with the fury of a man grappling with Death, he removed the detonator from the tip of the shell, crawled backwards up the stifling barrel, scrambled to the rail of the ship and hurled the detonator overboard. Having saved his ship, his comrades, and served his country, he took a few steps back from the rail and fainted.

The third tale is of an A. E. F. private who suddenly found himself and a small detachment in hot pursuit of 180 Germans. It was a bayonet charge and the Germans were fleeing and tossing hand grenades over their shoulders. The private, an Italian in the 77th Division, kept at their heels like a fox hound. He felled one after another with his bayonet until it got stuck, as bayonets gruesomely do. Without a pause, he grabbed a mess knife out of his puttees and kept right on charging forward.

He felled about ten more of the enemy, yelling over his shoulder with each thrust:

"Is that right, Captain? Is that right, Captain?"

Deeds such as these shape the fortunes of war. Singly, they may seem slight against the background of tremendous conflict, but added one by one to a sum total they can be the difference between defeat and victory. The United States has had its heroes, from Bunker Hill through Gettysburg and Chateau-Thierry. Today one thousand of them are banded together in a fraternity that wants little ballyhoo, makes little clamor, but should never be forgotten.

Army and Navy Legion of Valor is the name of it. It stems from a group of Civil War heroes who in 1890 organized the old Medal of Honor Legion. To be a member of this fraternity, one must hold any of three of the most lofty awards for heroism that the United States bestows: the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Cross or the Navy Cross.

Its ranks include John McCloy, the only living man who has received from the Congress of the United States two Congressional Medals of Honor. Both were for heroism in the Navy, one in China in 1900, the second at Vera Cruz in 1914. To these was added the Navy Cross in 1918. Members call him the Legion's "most decorated man."



IN CONVENTION at Chicago last summer, with the defense program whirring in the background, the Legion of Valor felt the itch of old wounds. By formal resolution, the thousand heroes offered their services to President Roosevelt "in any capacity he may choose" during the emergency.

As its new National Commander, the Legion chose Thomas Eadie, of Newport, R. I. Which gives rise to the usual question asked about Legion of Valor members: what did he do?

Eadie, a Naval man, was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for heroic action when the submarine S-4 plunged to the ocean bottom after a collision off Provincetown, Mass., in December, 1927.

The water was 102 feet deep. A Naval diver went down to connect an air line to the ill-fated sub, but his lines became fouled. It seemed like certain death for both the diver and anyone who went down after him. Chief Gunner's Mate Eadie donned a diver's suit and went over the side, bubbling down to the sea floor. He stayed under for two hours, then broke the surface again, pushing the rescued diver up ahead of him. Both men were safe, though within a few heartbeats of death from exhaustion.



GEORGE U. HARVEY, an Army hero and President of the Borough of Queens in New York City, was National Commander of the Legion in 1938-39. He won the Distinguished Service Cross on August 23, 1918.

Captain Harvey of the 308th Infantry, 77th Division, was moving up with his men along the Vesle River, France. A machine-gun nest was spouting deadly fire, cutting his ranks to pieces. Harvey, an Irishman, didn't like it. He took seven men with him and decided to put the quietus on that nest. Out into the withering fire the small band crept. One man dropped. Then another.

Soon seven men lay dead and wounded behind him, and Harvey plowed on alone. He reached the machine-gun nest, hurled himself into it and slew three Germans before they knew what had happened. A fourth German threw up his hands in horror and Harvey marched him back as a prisoner.

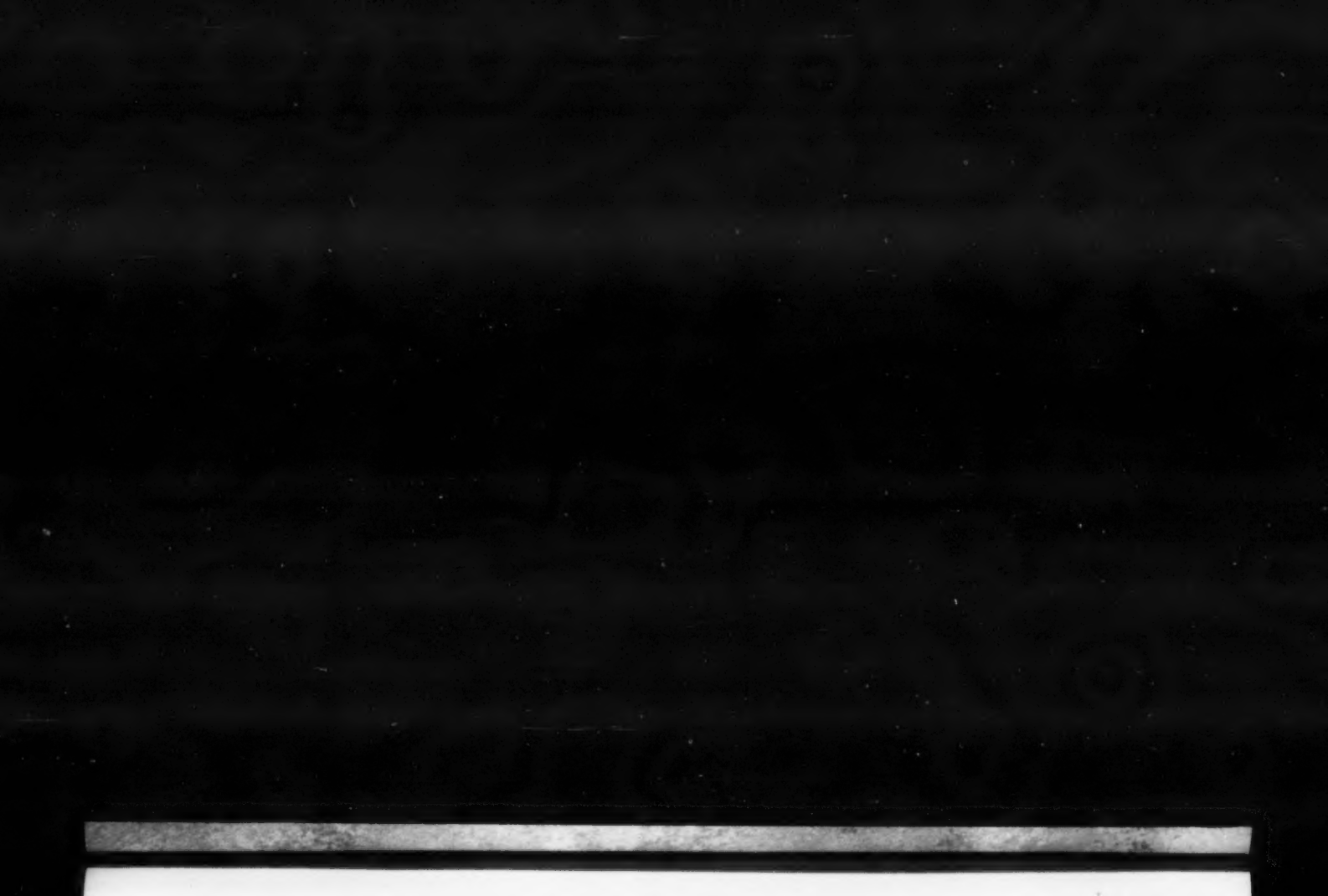
Thinking back on it, Harvey remarked, "When I got back to headquarters they raised hell with me for not taking down the numbers of the machine-guns. I was too busy with those Germans; I wasn't going around taking numbers."

Actually Harvey doesn't think much of German soldiers. "At two miles away they're good fighters, but they don't like their steel," he said. "They can't stand the sight of a bayonet—they'll put up their hands."

IN AMERICA, the first medals for individual valor were awarded on recommendation of George Washington to three Revolutionary heroes. They were John Paulding, David Williams and Jacob VanWard, the intrepid captors of Major John André, the British spy who negotiated with Benedict Arnold for the surrender of West Point.

Not until the Civil War did this country adopt a permanent decoration for heroism.

Finally, in 1861, President Abraham Lincoln established the Congressional Medal of Honor, the only medal awarded "in the name of Congress." At first applicable only to the Navy, it was extended to the Army in 1862.



Medal of Honor
Army



Medal of Honor
Navy



Distinguished
Service Cross



Navy Cross



Silver Star Medal
Army



Order of
The Purple Heart



hed
oss



r of
ple Heart



Distinguished Service Medal, Army



Distinguished Service Medal, Navy



Distinguished Flying Cross





To America's Valiant

A Collection of Medals Awarded for Heroism in Our Country's Service

MEDALS, as a reward for military heroism, date all the way back to Alexander the Great. Napoleon handed them out like election buttons—a wallpaper manufacturer receiving one for the part his business played in fighting England. America, too, has her full galaxy of colorful awards for valor, some of which are illustrated on the reverse of this gatefold:

Congressional Medal of Honor: The only medal presented in the name of Congress—"for conspicuous gallantry involving the risk of life." Of 2,000,000 men in the A.E.F., only 94 earned it—28 of them posthumously.

Distinguished Service Cross: About 5,000 doughboys received this award "for extraordinary heroism against an armed enemy." Established in 1918, it was awarded retroactively to earlier heroes (like Lieutenant Rowan, who carried the message to Garcia).

Distinguished Service Medal: Anyone connected with the Army is eligible for this medal—in offices, in supply depots, even by civilians attached to the Army. Nevertheless, it's hard to get. Only 1,250 have been awarded.

Navy Cross: For conspicuous bravery at risk of life, this naval award, like some others, includes a $2 raise in pay.

Silver Star Medal: Awarded for gallantry in action whenever situation does not warrant the award either of the Medal of Honor or the Distinguished Service Cross.

Order of the Purple Heart: Awarded to but three Revolutionary War heroes, the Heart was forgotten, revived in 1932 as a retroactive award to 245,000 World War wounded. Soldiers call it the award for those who "forgot to duck."

Distinguished Flying Cross: Established in 1926, this award has gone mostly for peacetime feats. Lindbergh, Byrd and Amelia Earhart have been 3 of its 96 winners.



Most coveted of all American decorations, the Medal of Honor has been awarded to 2,603 heroes, many of whom did not live to receive it. Of the 2,000,000 men we sent to France in the World War, only 94 won the high award, and 28 of these died winning it. Medals of Honor for the Navy, of which some 25 were awarded during the World War, are made from bronze salvaged from the *U. S. S. Constitution*, the famed Old Ironsides of 1812.

It has been said that America can take its heroes or leave them. And it is true, to be sure, that we do not enthuse over be-ribboned chests the way other countries do. In the British Army, a general encountering a private who has the Victoria Cross will immediately offer the first salute. In the U. S. Army a private with a coat full of medals doesn't even hope for recognition from a corporal.

In British boys' schools, students are required to memorize the names of Victoria Cross heroes. King George V once invited all living wearers of the cross to visit London at his expense. But even this was small tribute compared to the most exclusive society of heroes ever known, the old Knights of St. George of Czarist Russia.

A soldier had to go through hell's fire to win the St. George Cross, but once he owned it Russia was at his feet. All officers had to snap to attention when a Knight of St. George passed by. He could travel all over Russia, by boat or train, free. His children were entitled to free tuition at all colleges and universities. Though he might be totally disabled, he was kept on salary for life, at 50 per cent higher than his normal service pay. And the Imperial Court was perpetually open to any Knight of St. George.

In America we made some little fuss over Sergeant Alvin York when he came home, and the folks in Tennessee gave him a farm. But for the most part, we pay our Medal of Honor winners a $2 monthly bonus on their Army pay and that's that.



IN THE LINE of blood and thunder heroism, probably the most lurid exploit in the A. E. F. was that of Lieut. Samuel Woodfill, a Hoosier with the 5th Division. There's no better way to tell about it than in the words of his Medal of Honor citation:

"Under heavy machine-gun fire, which threatened to hold up the advance . . . this officer went out ahead of his first line towards a machine-gun nest. When he got within ten yards of the gun, it ceased firing, and four of the enemy appeared, three of whom where shot by Lieut. Woodfill. The fourth, an officer, rushed at Lieut. Woodfill, who attempted to club the officer with his rifle. After a hand-to-hand struggle, Lieut. Woodfill killed the officer with his pistol.

"Shortly afterwards another machine-gun nest was encountered . . . Lieut. Woodfill rushed ahead of his line in the face of heavy fire, and when

several of the enemy appeared above the nest he shot them, capturing three others . . . A few minutes later this officer charged another machine-gun position, killing five men in one machine-gun pit with his rifle.

"He then drew his revolver and started to jump into the pit, when two other gunners only a few yards away turned their guns on him. Failing to kill them with his revolver, he grabbed a pick near by and killed both of them."

General Pershing chose Woodfill as an outstanding soldier of the A. E. F.

OF COURSE they didn't all come back. A poignant case was that of Corp. Harold W. Roberts, a tank driver. Moving into a clump of bushes to protect another disabled tank, Roberts' tank slid into a ten-foot water-filled shell hole. Roberts and his gunner were trapped as the tank submerged. Knowing that only one of them could escape, the heroic corporal snapped, "Only one of us can get out, and out you go!" He pushed the gunner through the back door of the tank. Roberts was drowned in the muddy water that gushed in. A Medal of Honor was awarded posthumously.

Sometimes you wonder about the heroes who have come back. What are they doing now? Take Ernest Ray Rumbaugh, who won the Distinguished Service Cross for capturing three 77 mm. field pieces and two machine-guns. You'll find him today on his farm in Shreve, Ohio, living a quiet farmer's life.

John Earl Personett, D. S. C., who captured a German gun and crew after he was already wounded, is a bus driver in Port Orchard, Wash.

Frank Wright Osmond, D. S. C., who climbed out of a disabled tank and silenced a dangerous machine-gun nest, is a cafe-manager in Upper Darby, Pa. George H. Henderson, D. S. C., who defied enemy fire to rescue a wounded comrade, and was wounded himself in the process, is a construction official of Hines Hospital, Hines, Ill.

Francis Milton Noble, a Coast Guardsman, who won the Navy Cross for moving nine freight cars loaded with T. N. T. out of a danger zone, is an insurance agent in Chicago.

All of them regret they have but one life to risk for their country.

—Suggestions for further reading:

MILITARY MEDALS AND INSIGNIA OF THE U.S.
by J. M. Morgan $3.00
Griffin-Patterson Company, Glendale, Calif.

GREAT SOLDIERS OF THE TWO WORLD WARS
by H. A. DeWeerd $3.50
W. W. Norton & Company, New York

Cure for the "Morning After"

A FAMOUS EXECUTIVE tries to stay away from his office Monday mornings. He declares that many busy men waste their time on Monday morning listening to foolish proposals that people have thought up over Sunday. —DAVID FRENCH

As America's all-time most popular radio program prepares to welcome its second generation of listeners —let's take it apart to see just what makes it tick



Methuselahs of the Microphone

by KATE HOLLIDAY

YARDS OF DIALOGUE have bombarded the public ear since the days of the crystal set. Radio shows come and go. But only *Amos 'n' Andy* goes on forever—sixteen years thus far. More than 12,000,000 people listen to them each evening. Their coast-to-coast network encompasses the population of the United States every fortnight . . .

EVEN AS a young man, Freeman Gosden (*Amos*) was interested in radio. He served his country during World War I by becoming a naval communications engineer, a profession which demands more than a sixth grade intelligence. After his discharge, he became a tobacco salesman.

But he liked entertaining better than either engineering or tobacco. Therefore, he practiced until he was a pretty good song-and-dance man for anybody's lodge benefit. His salesman's charm came in handy when he sought payment for his favorite hobby.

Charles Correll (*Andy*) was a Peoria, Illinois, boy who went to business college after his building-contractor father threatened to teach him the ropes via the bricklaying route. With that hanging over him, *Andy* discovered that he liked punching the keys of a piano or a typewriter much better than juggling masonry. He landed a stenographic job for a year with the State of Illinois.

More important, though, he also managed to get a position thumping the keys at the home town theater. There he learned enough show business to get a spot coaching amateur theatricals for fraternal and social groups.

His Chicago booking company finally routed him into Durham, North Carolina, to put on an Elks show. When it was found that he needed a helper, his boss assigned a new man—named Gosden—to lend a hand. The two clicked and, on August 12, 1919, their partnership was formed.



Woman's suffrage became effective in this country the year Correll and Gosden first faced a microphone. It was the autumn of 1920. The boys were doing a show for a New Orleans club, and somebody thought of a radio stunt to help the ticket sales. So they went on for a rousing fifteen minutes. It was crude, but the boys liked—and remembered—it.

Meanwhile, however, after forming this nodding acquaintance with a mike, C and G hit the road again. For six seasons.

AT THAT TIME, the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago owned and operated a powerful station, WEBH. In March, 1925, the boys went on the air, broadcasting as a singing team. Correll played the piano—Gosden hit some sort of chords on an oversized ukulele. They even made some recordings which surprised and delighted them by selling well.

However, they got no pay from WEBH (people went on the air for fun in those days). And they found that they missed the lettuce which had appeared weekly at the booking office they had left in favor of broadcasting. They began to wonder if they were not just a little nuts to consider making a living in radio.

Then the miracle happened. Only not for them. Happiness Candy started paying Billy Jones and Ernie Hare important money to sing over WJZ in New York. If Jones and Hare could do it, so could Correll and Gosden!

Not all at once, though.

They did club dates, one-nighters. They picked up small bits of change here and there. They indicated their promise as writers by creating a skit for Paul Ash which was held over at the McVickers Theatre in Chicago.

But pay for such chores was not enough to keep the for-free canaries of WEBH in birdseed.

In desperation, they decided to have a fling at vaudeville. They were writing their act in a furnished room, the rent for which would not have strained the bankroll of a draftee, when the phone rang.

It was a man from the *Chicago Tribune's* station, WGN, confessing that he was willing to pay the two to broadcast for him. Would they find it inconvenient to come over and have a chat? They would not. Snapping up the $100 weekly cash salary with the agility and enthusiasm of a pair of seals downing fish, they went to work as we know them the next day. It was January, 1926—just sixteen years ago.

The late Ben MacKenna was promotion manager for the *Tribune* at that time, and also manager of station WGN. Ben vastly admired the circulation success of *The Gumps* on newsprint and discussed with the boys the possibility of doing something like it on the air. The next night, Gosden and Correll came back with the first episode of their everlasting serial. They

called their two principal colored characters *Sam* and *Henry*.

Chicago thought they were terrific.

AT STATION WMAQ, then owned by the rival paper, the *Daily News*, this opinion was belatedly noticed after five hundred eighty-six programs. The *News*' offer of a fifty percent increase in salary looked good, so the boys moved the act. They also privately congratulated themselves on having guessed right in quitting the stage.

On March 19, 1928, they settled down to *Amos 'n' Andy* and the life of stars. (A new name was in order when they left WGN because that station had copyrighted the first title. It has no doubt wished since that it had also copyrighted Gosden and Correll!)

Chicago continued to adore them and, before long, restaurants were forced to advertise that receiving sets were available in their dining rooms. Otherwise, their customers would stay home. The telephone company reported a tremendous drop in traffic at the time of their broadcast. Silent movies were halted until the spectators had heard the show. A marine distress call forced one episode off the air—and the script had to be published the next day to stop the protest.

For seventeen months, *Amos 'n' Andy* was a Chicago sensation, exciting the rest of the country later in the form of recordings. Then a sponsor ended the record sales by offering them a contract at $50,000 a year each. They were to broadcast over a coast-to-coast radio hookup.

They were heard across the country for the first time on August 19, 1929.

Network shows gave rise to a new problem, however. Mothers in the East complained that their children were staying up too late: kiddies just wouldn't go to bed without hearing *Amos 'n' Andy*. So Gosden and Correll went on the air at seven o'clock instead of eleven to permit young New Yorkers to hear the program during nursery hours.

That was fine for New York, but soon they had received 150,000 letters from Western businessmen who had to stop work in the middle of the afternoon in order not to miss anything.

It was a great dilemma, a national emergency. The upshot was that *Amos 'n' Andy* consented to do their show twice daily so that everybody would be happy. Thus they originated a radio practice which is standard among successful programs today.

AFTER A HECTIC seven years, the boys decided they needed a rest. In 1933, they had cut the pace to five days a week, but even that didn't give them much chance for relaxation. With episode eighteen hundred ninety-two safely transmitted to the country, therefore, the first and only vacation in the history of *Amos 'n' Andy* began. The Corrells set out for Europe;



Gosden went fishing for a month. That was all. They've been back ever since.

They've had some unscheduled interruptions in their years of broadcasting, of course. Once they were snowbound in Maryland while hunting and couldn't reach the studio. And Gosden went on alone the night Correll's baby died. Another time, Correll switched the script when Gosden's watch stopped—and played the whole show himself. Political speeches have thrown them out of their own time and into someone else's. (That doesn't happen so often any more, however. Statesmen have apparently learned that votes are lost rather than won when an *Amos 'n' Andy* fan is thwarted.)

Kate Holliday, as talented as she is pretty (please note picture on back cover), has been a singer and a radio actress and now devotes her time to free-lance writing. She grew up in Chicago, went to the Francis W. Parker School and the Connecticut College for Women, is now in Hollywood, whence she sent us these facts about herself.

And the public zeal has never abated. Other programs have gained armies of fanatic fans, but none of them have kept the enthusiasm alive for sixteen years. Even with that duration of time, thousands of letters continue to come in weekly, giving advice, scoldings, praise and suggestions. Fur pieces came in quantity for *Madame Queen.* Cheap jewelry swamped the boys during that business about the Brazil diamonds. Layettes and dolls by the hundreds were sent when *Amos* had a baby.

WHEN THE TWO were in the grocery trade, a chance remark by *Andy* that they should give away tinned salmon with cans of tomatoes put the fishing industry under terrific pressure. When *Andy* sampled some of the salmon and found it good, sales jumped to a new time high.

This realism occasionally affects the boys as much as their listeners. *Amos* Gosden, who once had to recite a speech to do with the courage of Abraham Lincoln, was so deeply moved that he had to rehearse right up to program time in order to keep his voice steady as he read the lines. Even then, he wasn't his surgically-sure self until the repeat performance.

He received the opposite effect from reading a line for *Madame Queen.* She had to say to *Andy,* "Kiss me, honey! Dat's what I've been waitin' for!" The effort of being feminine over the microphone nearly finished Gosden.

Since that time, women characters on their show have been played by women. But these roles have been comparatively brief. All the rest of the *Amos 'n' Andy* personalities live in the variations of the voices of the two men. Correll does *Andy, Van Porter,* the *Landlord* and occasional others; Gosden is *Amos,* the *Kingfish, Lightnin'* and a host more.

No audience is ever invited to watch their program. The boys say that they can't help being interested in a stranger's reaction. This, of course, distracts their attention and, since they run their own sound effects as well as play a large number of different parts

every time they go on the air, they need all the concentration they can muster.

Each day at eleven o'clock, they meet and write the script, without previous discussion. They talk a bit, and then Gosden gets to pacing the floor, doing voices, while Correll bats away at his typewriter, interpolating suggestions as he sets down the dialogue. Finished usually by noon, they forget business until just before broadcast time. Then there is one brief rehearsal to get timing on tricky sound effects, and they go on the air. That's all there is to it.

They are careful in the writing of their scripts. They lean over backward to avoid offending anyone. Humor depending on any physical handicap, such as stuttering, for instance, is never incorporated into their material. Drinking, divorce and matters of sectarian religion are also left out. Sickness is always spoken of hopefully, since ailing listeners are easily discouraged. Topical subjects are mentioned, but big news seldom affects their characters. What's depression to a neighborhood that's always broke anyway? What's the difference between formal war and the daily struggle to keep alive?

They are also wary of too much of one another. They have intelligently cultivated outside friends, though they and their wives are the best of companions. This is their insurance against ever getting on each other's nerves. In money matters, however, they remain a team. Their checks need both signatures to be honored at the bank. They have one secretary, Louise Summa, who vainly attempts to keep things in order.

And they go on broadcasting!



Not Much

ONCE when Mark Twain was traveling, he found himself in a compartment with a salesman and a curate. Twain tried to doze while the salesman chattered incessantly to the patient curate.

"Let me ask you a riddle," he said. "Do you know the difference between a donkey and a curate?"

"No," said the curate.

"Well," said the man triumphantly, "a curate wears a cross on his chest, and a donkey carries his cross on his back."

Twain sat up and eyed him balefully. "Do *you* know the difference between an ass and a traveling salesman?"

"No," said the salesman.

"Well neither do I," said Twain, and promptly went back to sleep. —KERMIT WHITE

Tales like these have no place in a reasonable world. Told by reliable witnesses but unbelievable nevertheless, they are easier to forget than to explain

• • • At 2:30 the morning of September 4, 1886, a number of hot stones fell near the *News and Courier* Building in Charleston, South Carolina. It was thought that they were thrown by some senseless prankster.

At 1:30 the following afternoon, when there was no darkness to hide a practical joker, more stones fell. These too were hot. They ranged from the size of a grape to that of a hen's egg, and fell over an area of 75 square feet. More than a gallon were collected.

The stones were observed by numerous witnesses to fall *straight down* out of a clear sky. There was no whirlwind or other meteorological disturbance. There was no place where a prankster could hide. Moreover, there was no way in which anyone could propel the stones so that they would fall straight down for so great a distance.

The whole thing was discussed in detail in the *News and Courier* and the *Richmond Whig*, and supported by statements of reliable witnesses.

• • • The specter of a giant lizard-like animal has always haunted the human race.

In 1937 Frank W. Lane collected some strange facts and published them in the well-known *National Review* of London.

He stated that the Hottentots on the Oranje river often speak of a mysterious creature which they call the *groot slang*, Dutch for a "Great Snake." He cites further evidence that this term applies only to the neck of the monster.

Officers of Victoria Nyanza steamers have often described long-necked prehistoric beasts seen in the lake.

Once, white hunters went in search of the creature, and returned maintaining that they had seen fresh five-foot-long footprints.

The King of Barotse reported to the British government that he saw a huge beast with "a head like a snake, making a huge track in the reeds as large as a full-sized wagon would make were its wheels removed."

Finally, Lane cites the monster of Lake Edward. There is a reliable record of a white man who trekked up from the Cape and plunged into the Congo forests to bring it back dead or alive. He brought only a tale of having seen a giant living brontosaurus nearly 100 feet long.

Lane thought he had presented a strong case that the great creatures from the earth's strange past are not so dead as they might be. And now that science admits the discovery in 1938 of a living lungfish—a type of creature so primitive that it long antedates the dinosaur—Lane's facts might have a new day in court.



• • • In 1939 five stone heads gave archeology a headache. The heads were of gigantic size, weighing approximately twenty-five tons each. They were discovered in a Mexican jungle near the western edge of the state of Tabasco.

It is hard enough to explain how the heads happened to be in that God-forsaken jungle and what unknown people were able to produce such gigantic—and highly artistic—sculpture. But explaining those facts is child's play compared with a small problem of transportation.

The heads are of solid basalt. There is no basalt nearer than one hundred miles from the spot where they were found. Transporting twenty-five-ton heads through a hundred miles of jungle would be a problem for modern engineers, let alone primitive Indians.

So again the old ghost of a vanished but highly civilized people—perhaps refugees from some sunken land—stalked for an instant before the discovery was "forgotten."



• • • A group composed of Louisa M. Alcott, her mother and the family doctor had formed around the deathbed of Louisa M. Alcott's sister.

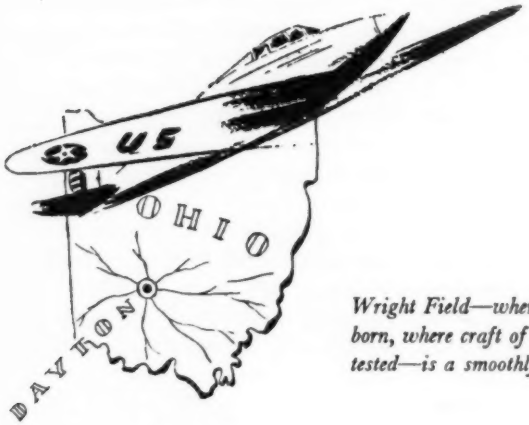
The dying woman's body ceased to function; the doctor made the prescribed examination. For a moment longer the group remained at the bedside. As they watched, a thin, faintly glowing mist arose from the body, coalesced and floated away.

Miss Alcott stated, "My mother's eyes followed mine and when I said, 'What did you see?' she described the same mist." The doctor said that he too had seen the dimly luminescent mist. He could offer no explanation, saying only that there was a world-old belief that something left the body at the moment of death.

—R. DeWitt Miller

Nerve Center of Our Air Power

by KENT SAGENDORPH



Wright Field—where airplanes of tomorrow are born, where craft of today are planned and tested—is a smoothly-running, gargantuan enigma

ABOUT SEVEN miles east of Dayton, Ohio, stands one of the world's prime enigmas. Known officially as Wright Field, the place is guarded like a concentration camp and carries on the functions of an endowed scientific institute. Yet in fact it is neither of these things. And not even the high-ranking Air Corps officers know all about what goes on there.

To the outsider, this big aeronautical research center is the biggest fact about Dayton; the source of a municipal boom that has made the city another overcrowded Washington.

Here is the hub of the World's aviation. Almost every advance in flying has been developed and brought to practical use in these busy shops. This is the birthplace of the radial air-cooled aircraft engine; the incubator of the supercharger; the test-tube which gave the world 100 octane aviation fuel. From these drafting tables came the first designs for the mammoth four-engined bomber of today; the lightning-like 400-mile-an-hour interceptor; the 37mm. aircraft cannon which can blast any enemy airplane to bits in mid-air.

Furthermore, Wright Field spends all the money we taxpayers scrape up for warplanes. Its personnel signs the contracts for every piece, from the smallest bolt to the largest wing section or motor that goes into our military airplanes; for the gasoline and oil that planes live on; for clothing the pilots wear.

The place is so complex that no general terms can possibly be applied. It is a jumble of twelve or fifteen headquarters commands, each the largest of its kind anywhere and each

steadily growing larger. Officers on duty there are frequently strangers to each other and send memorandums by inter-office mail which take three days to reach an office next door.

THE ASSIGNMENTS to duty at Wright have multiplied in the past year so fast that Dayton's apartment houses are crowded with officers and their families; the overflow is crowding suburbs as far apart as Yellow Springs and Fairfield, Ohio. The officers are socked rents that are sky-high. Hotels are jammed to the doors with desperate factory representatives who wait weeks to see Wright Field officers and get specifications straightened out on their products. The bars do a thriving business.

So jammed has Wright become—what with laboratories and offices—that flying has had to be curtailed. Only certain types of planes can get in and out of Wright now. But this won't be for long, because within the last four months an additional 3,500 acres have been purchased and will be turned into a gigantic gun range and increased landing area to include a 9,000 foot concrete runway—the longest in the world.

Everywhere construction is going on at typical Air Corps speed; more superlatives crowd the inventories of the field's facilities. Among these is the biggest wind-tunnel in the world ($3,000,000 worth), with the most gigantic electric motor ever conceived (40,000 h.p.), which turns the biggest fans (22-foot diameter) with the most blades (16). This monster drains vital power from the city of Dayton and has to be spoon-fed with juice from Columbus and sometimes as far away as Cleveland.

Theoretically Wright Field is the home of the Materiel Division, a combined experimental, service and procurement outfit.

"Purpose of the Materiel Division," states its Chief, Maj. Gen. Oliver P. Echols, who directs the show from Washington, "is to *have in readiness* for immediate production and service the most advanced types of aircraft, engines, armament installations and other equipment for the nation's air defense; *to procure* this equipment in necessary amounts; *to test it* and prove its real worth; *to issue it* to the various Air Forces tactical organizations and *to maintain it* properly throughout its service life."

For these purposes, Wright Field has a present investment of $35,000,000 in buildings and equipment; a monthly payroll that tops $1,200,000. There are 350 Air Corps officers on duty there now with many others

McClelland Barclay

invites you to a double treat — an amazing article based on his actual experiences on maneuvers with the U. S. fleet—plus an exciting color gatefold painting of the fleet "in action." Advance peeks promise one of the best things America's most popular illustrator has done. *Coming Soon in Coronet!*

from other branches of the Army. And the number increases at the rate of about four each day.

Many are not flying officers, but rather men hired from all walks of life—engineers, doctors, lawyers, salesmen, teachers, metal workers, engine experts—brought in with specialists' commissions to help their country in time of need. They are administrators, each in charge of a "section."

A SECTION is a place where the work is done. One building at Wright sprawls over 60 acres and contains miles of corridors, lined with metal wainscot partitions with rippled glass above.

The partitions stop about ten feet up, and the whole building, from that point to the bulky roof trusses overhead, is open. Hundreds of doors line the corridors. Each of these has a little sign sticking out at right angles into the hall, looking not unlike a men's room sign in a factory.

The signs identify the section and the particular officer in it, such as "Chief, Armament Section"; "Director, Aero Medical Laboratory"; even "Flutter Section." This aptly-named section is part of the wind-tunnel laboratory where engineers study the jitterbug tendencies (vibrations) that develop in modern planes at high speed. They've saved many a pilot from taking a death dive in an inferior airplane.

There are 5,000 civilian employees at Wright Field, all there on civil-service examinations.

In addition, some of the keenest minds in the world are there. They stay because they are interested primarily in their specific science and the Government gives them a personal freedom and a freedom to spend limitless quantities of money for their experiments.

Some of the old timers, who have seen aviation grow up into its long pants stage, won't startle at anything, any more. If some colonel walked in and brusquely ordered them to design a rocket for transporting fuel supplies to a plane flying 40,000 feet up, they'd do it—or at least try.

The director of the photographic laboratory is a well-known inventor who sometimes gets strange hunches. Often they strike him at six a. m. Sunday, but he cannot rest until he has routed out a project engineer and told him just what sort of a gadget he wants. He expects it to be finished and ready Monday morning.

ALL THESE men have won top ranking in their professions, which is one reason for their assignment to Wright Field. For them, Wright Field is a madhouse. The pressure upon them is unbelievable. Not only are projects piling up on their desks but, with the intensification of the Atlantic war, the pace is increasing every day. Somehow the mountain of responsibilities must be moved, and moved fast. In the midst of all this, officers are aware that they are always being watched.

Each officer and civilian on the field must wear a badge on his lapel. He must have another badge for his car if he drives. Uniformed guards, all

civilians, are spotted all over the field, and stop anyone without his pass.

For the average person to get into the field is more difficult than at any time in its fifteen-year history. It's very much like trying to see an inmate in Sing Sing's death house.

You are stopped at the gate and must register your name, that of the company you are representing and your address. The guard gives you a sticker for your car that says "Manufacturer's Representative." Or it might say "Visitor" or "Press," instead. Then you go to the Information desk in the north end of the long administration building where all the offices are housed.

There you are required to sign another register, stating the name of the officer or civilian with whom you have an appointment. You are asked whether you are a citizen. Then attendants take your registration card, call up the person whom you are to see and, when he is ready to see you, they give you a small lapel badge that allows you to go just to one particular section of the field.

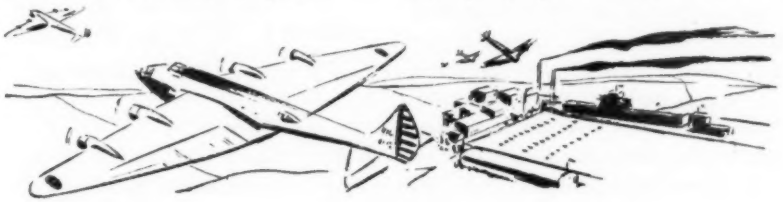
If you're a total stranger, a messenger boy accompanies you, leading the way. The little lapel badges vary in color, a different color for each section, so as to make it easier for guards on the field to identify the passes.

Once you're that far the rest is easy. They don't bother you much if you have the proper pass. But you'd better keep it. The guards at the main gate are the toughest to convince. They stopped the President's son, Capt. Elliott Roosevelt, the first day he reported for duty at the field and wouldn't let him pass until he called his commanding officer.

Actually the only case on the record in recent years of there being any espionage attempt at the field happened two years ago. It concerned a Japanese who went on the field with a group of college students who were making a tour through the place. He smuggled in a small camera and was making pictures. A guard caught him and confiscated his camera, taking him before the commanding officer. After they examined the film and discovered nothing of importance, they let him go. He explained: "Just takee picture for scrap book."

THE ARMY HAS many secrets here. Among them is the highly accurate bombsight which can put 100-pound bombs in a pickle barrel from 20,000 feet. Other highly confidential data are plans for future warplanes.

It is easy to understand the air of mystery. There is an air of tenseness accompanying it. Employees build or



design only a part of each project. They are not told how it will go together or whether it finally is a success.

The strain keeps everyone on edge and causes curious mishaps. I accompanied the chief pilot of a big bomber into the operations office at Wright. He had just flown the ship in from Langley Field, and somebody who ranked him had appropriated it for a test flight which would last three days. The pilot's flight order did not permit him to remain at Wright long. He inquired, plaintively: "Well, haven't you got something I can fly back to Langley? I've got to get back on time."

The operations' officer gruffly suggested the Greyhound bus, which runs past the main gate. When I left, the pilot had no airplane and could not even get an appropriation for a bus ticket. He was trying to bum a ride in some other plane.

One of Wright Field's famous section chiefs cannot even supply his portrait to accompany a technical manuscript on his work. Some genius at Wright Field decided the colonel's face was a military secret and could be released only by the proper authorities at Washington.

BLUNDERS like these are welcome interruptions in the terrible grind of Wright Field routine. It is noteworthy, though, that these officers never are caught off base in any important error. When a job is finally passed and approved, it is right.

In fifteen years, Wright Field has earned a unique position among the air forces of the world. It is recognized as one of the best of the aeronautical research centers. Although Germany has several which are reputedly as large, none has attained the world renown that Wright Field's engineers have won. And the success formula has been millions of dollars, plus years of time, plus a co-ordinated program decided upon and then rigidly followed.

Today we have the most efficient airplanes of any air force in the world. You can take General Kenney's word for it and he should know. We have them because Wright Field first conceived them, supervised their construction, tested them—and took them back if they weren't the best.

We have the best cameras because we let commercial manufacturers work with our army experts. We have the best guns—a 37mm. cannon because we let our individual genius run wild. More specifically, because Larry Bell, president of Bell Aircraft Corp. in Buffalo, N. Y. got the idea of building a cannon and then building a plane around it. But it had the sanction of Wright Field's experts.

This field is more than a crowded Air Corps post. It is the very heartbeat of U. S. military aviation.

That, some day, may decide a war.

—Suggestions for further reading:

WINGED WARFARE
by Major General H. H. Arnold and Colonel Ira C. Eaker $3.00
Harper & Brothers, New York

AIR BASE
by Boone T. Guyton $2.50
Whittlesey House, New York



Here are all kinds of conflicts—from boxing bouts to notorious court trials to legendary battles. Somebody lost; somebody won . . . Do you know who?

Blitzquiz

HISTORY IS a record of man against himself—a compilation of conflicts on various planes of endeavor. Here are fifty instances, actual or fictional, in which men have pitted themselves, their instruments of destruction, or their domestic animals against each other. Your task is to select the winner. (Two of these conflicts ended in a draw.) Count two points for each correct choice. A score of 54 or more is fair, 66 or over is good, and anything above 78 is excellent. Answers are on page 112.

1. Corbett vs. Sullivan
2. Aaron Burr vs. Alexander Hamilton
3. Hector vs. Achilles
4. Jean Valjean vs. Javert
5. King Canute vs. the sea
6. Tilden vs. Hayes
7. Ranger vs. Endeavor II
8. Tortoise vs. hare
9. Loyalists vs. Insurgents
10. H.M.S. Hood vs. the Bismarck
11. Moses vs. Pharaoh
12. Fafner vs. Siegfried
13. Lew Tendler vs. Benny Leonard
14. Phineas Fogg vs. time
15. Atalanta vs. Meilanion
16. Caesar vs. Brutus
17. Napoleon vs. the Duke of Wellington
18. New York Yankees vs. Chicago Cubs
19. Monitor vs. Merrimac
20. Dempsey vs. Tunney
21. Graf Spee vs. H.M.S. Exeter

22. Thaw vs. the people of the State of New York
23. Dewey vs. Lehman
24. Normans vs. Saxons
25. Lee vs. Grant
26. Haman vs. Mordecai
27. Armstrong vs. Ross
28. Sohrab vs. Rustum
29. Santa Anna vs. David Crockett
30. Raskolnikov vs. Ilya Petrovitch
31. MacDuff vs. Macbeth
32. H.M.S. Victory vs. Redoubtable
33. John Quincy Adams vs. Andrew Jackson
34. Perseus vs. the Gorgons
35. Jacob vs. the angel
36. Seabiscuit vs. War Admiral
37. The Natchez vs. the Robert E. Lee
38. Laertes vs. Hamlet
39. A flush vs. a straight
40. Cain vs. Abel
41. Almazán vs. Camacho
42. Kilkenny cat vs. Kilkenny cat
43. Richard II vs. Bolingbroke
44. Custer vs. Sitting Bull
45. Little John vs. Robin Hood
46. Mercutio vs. Tybalt
47. Daedalus vs. gravity
48. Ivanhoe vs. Brian de Bois Guilbert
49. The Giant vs. Jack
50. Sacco and Vanzetti vs. the people of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Full-Up

BOOTH TARKINGTON once met a friend while he was visiting in Paris, and as both were planning to stay about a week, they decided to room together. The friend confessed it was his first visit to Paris. Tarkington remembered him as a great practical joker back home, in fact had once been a victim himself, so he decided that this would be a good chance to even up the score.

The buses in Paris, unlike our own, admit only a fixed number of passengers. When the limit is reached the conductor hangs up a sign which says *Complet*, and no more passengers are admitted.

They were walking one day, when the friend asked, "What on earth does that word *Complet* mean that I see on so many of the buses?"

"My word," exclaimed Tarkington "Do you mean to say you've never heard of it?"

"Heard of what?"

"Why *Complet*. I've been there hundreds of times. Never miss it. Most charming spot in the world. That's the one place you *must* see while you're here!"

For the remainder of the week, Tarkington had the exquisite pleasure of seeing friend joker run pell-mell for bus after bus bearing the legend *Complet* . . . only to be refused admission, of course, to every one of them. —BLANCHE S. KAHN

Picto

Picture Story:

China Fights Back!

by Mme. Chiang Kai-shek

The former Mayling Soong, daughter of one of China's most respected households, and the wife of China's leader, offers her version of China's fight in a never-before-told manner.



The late Will Rogers' remark that "years ago great hordes of Mongolians came over to conquer the Chinese—and now they have gone back for more Mongolians," is a pretty good answer to the question: can the Japanese conquer China?

Another answer, perhaps even more appropriate, is that after breaking through China's Great Wall, the invader has found himself confronted by a new and infinitely greater wall—in the indomitable spirit of China's people!

That is the story unfolded in the pictures that follow. Carefully selected from hundreds submitted by leading photographers, including Rey Scott (from the picture, *Kukan*); Arthur Menken; Fritz Henle of Publix; Babu, Warren Lee, Lotte Errell and Robert Capa of Pix; A. H. Buchman of Triangle; and British Combine—they tell the story of a land as old as history . . .



Yes, this is ancient China. Her staff of life is rice—her way of life is toil. The Chinese have always lived close to the soil—rich, fertile soil, though vast and rugged.



Countless landmarks dot the Chinese countryside. Many of them are handed down through countless dynasties, through endless years. And being old, China's civilization is also rich.



A Chinese never hurries. Life to him has never seemed a gay adventure. His favorite words are "venerable" and "honorable"



And thus it's been for centuries. For with the footprints of the ages on her hills and valleys—



—and with the wisdom of the ages mirrored in the faces of her people—small wonder China had learned above all else, the virtue of living peacefully.



But then, suddenly, from tiny, neighboring islands—explosive war! Rude men with shouldered guns marched boldly over China's soil—spreading death and merciless destruction.



Caught off guard by a well-trained, fully mechanized invader—which struck with brutal force and moved with lightning speed—



—leaving entire villages behind in smouldering ruins—burning—pillaging—raping—destroying—



China watched in dumb bewilderment. And then—from skies once peaceful—came a new, unknown rain of death and terror, even greater than before!



Some ran—blindly—before the enemy—



—while others stayed behind—milling about—trying to hold the carnage down.



They did what little could be done—



but nothing went unscathed. The most pitiful sights, of course, were the children—lying dead in the streets—



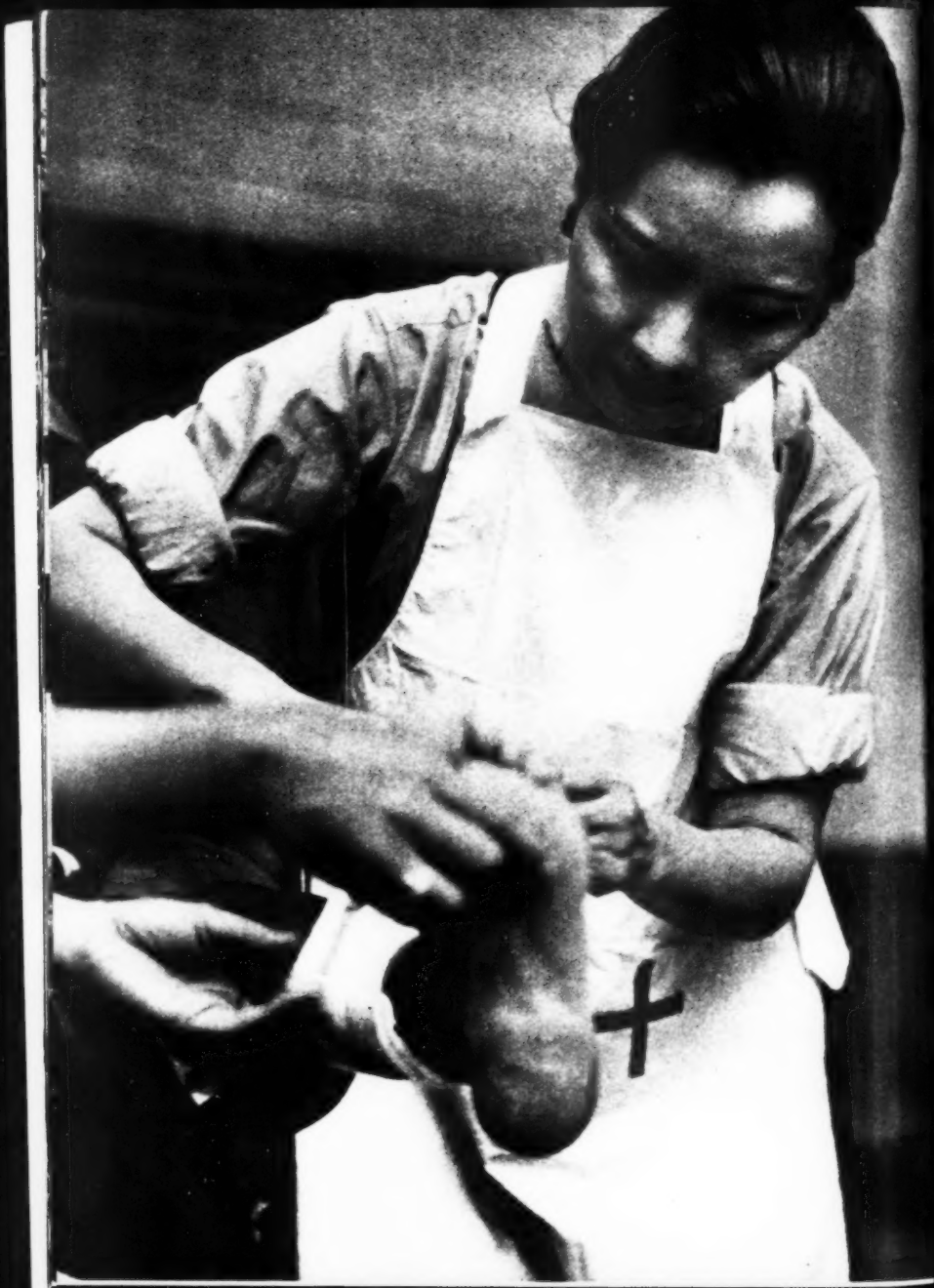
—or still alive, but left without food and protection.



And the homeless—



—both young and old—forced to seek good earth in distant fields
—perhaps beyond the hills.



But China is a land of miracles, it seems. Somehow, she managed to fight back—slowly at first—then more doggedly. One miracle, of course, was China's calm, courageous leadership.



Another was the willingness of its youth to pitch in and do its bit—in rebuilding, in replenishing, in reinforcing.



And still a third miracle—China's army. Young, untrained, yet willing, even eager, to die before surrendering a square foot of the good earth!



Crushed and frightened at the start—



—a new and younger China—soon was regimenting herself against the threat of death and enslavement.



Until today—China, badly shaken, takes a last backward look at its adversity—



—then turns about—and walks with firm, united tread towards the future—whatever it may bring.



You've probably met at least one—charming and intelligent, yet not quite sane. Science has a name for them—but as yet it has no cure



Semi-Lunatics at Large

by MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

THE FAMILY'S NAME is a respected one in our history. From this clan have come senators, doctors, prominent engineers, wealthy merchants and—Eddie.

Oh, you know Eddie. Not as Eddie, of course, but as that clever cutup of New York café society. But just for the fun of it, let's take a quick peek at a hitherto unrevealed cross-section of Eddie's young, howling life:

> . . . then after two years he was discharged for stealing from this concern. Later with the aid of a relative he was given a position as a clerk in a large banking concern, earning $200 a month. Here for a while he was well-liked and advanced rapidly. Then he began to sell cars belonging to bank employees. He began to drink heavily and was fired. About this time he had a quarrel with his father, assaulted him and broke his ribs. He was ordered from the house. Previously he had made two of the maids in his father's house pregnant. Fourteen months later he again impregnated two other women, one of whom almost compelled him to marry her. It is estimated that the patient's difficulties with women, his thefts, lawyers' fees and damages cost the family between $40,000 and $50,000. Soon after he promised to turn over a new leaf he was arrested for assaulting a woman on the street. The plaintiff as usual was bought off. Three weeks later. . .

And on and on. Eddie's antics are a godsend to city editors, but to his family he's a fearful nuisance who long since has left the charmed circle where family understanding can neutralize every acid-etched misstep.

By every mental test Eddie rates "superior intelligence." He's good-looking, glib and brimful with very engaging manners. There isn't a mental hospital in the country where Eddie would be termed insane.

For Eddie and the 500,000 like him in our land represent one of the most fantastic problems ever laid on the

collective shoulders of society.

Dr. Hervey Cleckley, brilliant young southern psychiatrist who has made an intensive study of these strange personalities, declares that their behavior "probably causes more unhappiness and perplexity to the public than all the other mentally disordered combined."

The sad words for Eddie and millions like him all over the world are these: *psychopathic personality.*

NOW, JUST WHAT is a psychopathic personality?

The following description is a composite of several authoritative analyses:

Primarily the psychopathic personality is utterly and completely selfish. Persons so afflicted are heartless, unprincipled individuals who have absolutely no ability to see themselves as others see them; they cannot realize the consequences of their acts. They cannot be influenced by jail, medical treatment or loving care. They usually have better than average intelligence and are alert. On first meeting they make a strong, positive impression. They display none of the commonly accepted symptoms of insanity.

They totally disregard the truth and are no more to be trusted in their accounts of the past than in their promises for the future. They are absolutely indifferent to the financial, social and emotional hardships which they bring upon those for whom they profess love. They show a striking inability to follow any sort of life plan consistently. They cannot stand routine, pressure or responsibility. They are unable to profit by experience. They blame others for their troubles. *Their entire life seems to be devoted to an aimless search for disaster.*

In one brief line, then: a psychopathic personality is one whose conduct is satisfactory only to himself.

Re-read these tell-tale clues to the psychopathic personality. In our lifetimes almost all of us come across them. And unless we can recognize them for what they really are, they can cause us untold pain, heartaches, or financial loss—if we allow them to.

There are thousands of grief-stricken families who are shamed and puzzled by the incredible conduct of a 'teen age son or daughter. There are hundreds of Army officers who are bewildered by the conduct of men who, after making a fine start, are now frequenters of the guardhouse—when they are not AWOL. There are thousands of employers hoping that the employee who made such a brilliant beginning in the firm just a few months ago will snap out of the strange antics he indulges in.

AT LEAST one wife has had her life almost ruined by a psychopathic husband. On Broadway, where real pity is doled out with an eye-dropper, she gets loads of it. As a charming, gifted actress she was on her way up fast when he came along. He was handsome, intelligent and fairly talented as an actor.

Marriage followed a whirlwind romance. Then funny things began to happen. He would disappear for days

at a time and then solemnly promise —always on his "word of honor"— that it wouldn't happen again. He would quit a successful play after a few weeks—even though his wife had to pull all sorts of strings to get him roles. Then he started going around with a dumpy, Eleventh Avenue tart, introducing her to acquaintances as his wife's best friend.

At a birthday party given him by his wife, he suddenly spat at the birthday cake, smiled at his guests and coolly walked out. Later he had a brilliant scheme for a new theatrical venture and persuaded friends of his wife to put up some $15,000. Of course the scheme never materialized. His patient wife somehow persuaded her friends not to prosecute; her family is going to make good part of the loss. For a long time she was certain that these peculiar actions were "just the little boy in him." But she's not so sure now. Eventually, of course, she will leave him. Even an angel couldn't stand the antics of a psychopath very long.

WHILE THE PSYCHOPATH is always a serious social problem, in our present war-torn world he also becomes a menace to armies in the field and to war-strained civilian populations.

At the end of the First World War, about ten percent of the 72,000 mental cases sent back to civilian life from the A.E.F. were psychopathic personalities. Today, a report on the mental cases found in the Canadian Army this year actually indicates nearly *thirty percent* to be definite psychopaths. Almost all authorities agree that there is a definite increase in this type of mental illness.

Apparently, the armed forces have a particular appeal for the psychopaths. It offers them economic independence from their families and escape from repeated failures in civil life. It also enables them to fulfill a childish desire which they haven't outgrown: that of "playing soldier." And under the present physical examinations given to draftees, it is almost impossible to detect them.

Our Navy manages to remain reasonably free of psychopathic infection through its custom of holding recruits in detention units for several weeks. The sudden change in environment, the routine and the restrictions on personal freedom all conspire to make the psychopath show his true nature to the Navy's psychiatrists.

In the type of war being waged now, psychopaths have a great capacity for spreading psychic infection among both troops and civilians. Entire detachments can fall into the trap



of panic set by their dissemination of dangerous suggestions growing out of their impressionability.

In the civilian population, it has been found that a good many of our pathological liars, swindlers, gamblers and lifelong tramps are psychopathic personalities. However, psychiatrists are not quite as ready as they once were to place sexual perverts and sexual criminals in this category. The former are frequently quite normal apart from their perversion, while the latter are usually mental defectives.

IN RECENT YEARS, psychiatrists have become interested in the partial psychopath—the type that manages to maintain fairly consistently an outer life that passes as successful.

For example, Dr. Cleckley, professor of neuropsychiatry at the University of Georgia Medical School, tells of one bright young physics instructor with marked ability, who was asked to leave his university after he had loudly ridiculed the faculty while carousing through the streets of the college town with two local prostitutes. Later that night he telephoned his aunt, a most respectable lady, and asked her to come down to attend his marriage. At the home of the justice of the peace she discovered that her bright nephew — quite sober, too — was about to marry the most unattractive local strumpet. His aunt pleaded with him, but he laughingly told her not to be a snob. Later he abandoned the woman, and his family made some settlement on her.

After a successful year as an automobile salesman, he got another post as a university instructor. He disappeared one night following a wild party in his rooms with some of the town's riff-raff. A few nights later the head of the physics department of the university got a call from a veterinarian in a nearby town. His young instructor wanted to see him immediately at the dog hospital. It was a vital matter. At two a. m., the dignified physicist, a nationally-known figure, dressed and went out into the cold, blustery night. At the dog hospital he found the instructor in a cage with an ailing St. Bernard.

"You always said I'd go to the dogs, didn't you," cried out our caged psychopath. The following day he was on the carpet in the office of the university president. The instructor blamed everything on the head of his department. Hadn't the latter offered him a glass of beer at luncheon a week previous?

Since then he has been going from smaller to smaller and less reputable colleges, seldom lasting more than a year any place before his "resignation" is called for.

WHAT ARE WE doing about this case and the hundreds of thousands of other psychopaths in our midst? Discuss the matter with our mental hygienists and psychiatrists and they will frankly admit that there is almost nothing that *can* be done for the psychopathic personality. True, the new "shock" treatment with insulin, metrazol and electricity has produced some near-miraculous cures. But the

psychopath believes there is nothing wrong with him. Naturally he will not consent to the violent regimen the cure calls for.

Incidentally, some of our best psychopathic personalities are women. One in particular, a much-married heiress, is sure to make the papers at least once every few months with her utterly bizarre antics. Statistically however, men have the majority in this group. And most of them are *not* heavy drinkers.

Since there is no cure even remotely in sight it has been urged that these people be kept in special institutions —apart from the insane and away from the ordinary criminal. Here experimental work could be conducted. Perhaps after a period of years of guidance, supervision and re-education, some of these persons might be able to make a satisfactory adjustment to the outside world. And they would not be able to leave until they were okayed by a board of psychiatrists.

Of course such a drastic measure is still far from adoption. For years to come, psychopathic personalities are likely to be in our midst. If you come into social, business, or professional contact with one of them, remember that they are the core of a problem which so far has "defied interpretation as to cause, course or outcome." Don't forget that while the psychopath harms himself most—those around him are bound to suffer, too.

And so, beware!

—Suggestions for further reading:

THE MASK OF SANITY
by Hervey Cleckley, M.D. *$3.00*
C. V. Mosby Company, St. Louis

PSYCHOPATHIC STATES
by D. K. Henderson, M.D. *$2.00*
W. W. Norton Company, New York

PSYCHOPATHIC PERSONALITIES
by Eugen Kahn, M.D. *$5.00*
Yale University Press, New Haven

Confession of a Drone

An official in a famous concern solved the problem of the thumb-twiddling minor executive in an original and effective way. He hired an assistant for the timewaster. From that time on, both were busy.

The time-waster did not want his assistant to find out how little work he did; at the same time, he disliked to see the assistant sitting idle. Obliged to use his initiative, the formerly lazy man found more than enough work for two.

The originator of the scheme explained his psychology very simply: "It's on the same principle that my wife orders a greater variety of food when we have a cook than when we don't have one. She is afraid that if she doesn't arrange impressive meals, the cook will lose respect for us."

—Fred C. Kelly



Mad Mission to BERLIN

by Oscar Schisgall

The Story Thus Far:
Hess has talked! The captured Nazi has revealed that Germany plans to crush her Axis ally once England is vanquished—a hate campaign is already prepared! Naturally, such evidence would be invaluable to England as a wedge between her enemies. A bold plan is conceived — to steal these papers from Berlin. Three men, clothed as Nazi airmen, will take the chance. One of them is American-born John Frazer, once a student of German at Heidelberg. And so, on an early English morning, a captured Heinkel bomber takes off into the East. Several hours later, after a carefully staged battle with an English plane over the estate of Dr. Reinhardt Geist, aged and learned professor who is preparing the coveted Italian "papers," the Heinkel is "forced down" and the threesome prepares to dismount. But suddenly John Frazer freezes. Two figures in the gathering crowd arrest his attention. One is a girl—beautiful and strangely disturbing. The other John recognizes instantly. He is Fritz Kauber—schoolmate at Heidelberg. And Kauber wears a Nazi uniform!

II

JOHN FRAZER'S words stunned Whitefell. On the catwalk, back near the bubble, Squadron Leader Dix halted, too. As if someone had pointed a gun at him. They stood there, three figures in flying suits, eyeing one another in consternation.

Dix began, "Of all the bloody—"

"You two had better get out," John

said quickly. "I'll stay. Tell them I'm making repairs—anything." He spoke without regard for Whitefell's superior rank. They had agreed that after the landing rank was to be ignored. "Maybe you can get rid of him. If not—I'll try to think of something."

Whitefell snapped, "D'you suppose he saw you through the window?"

"He couldn't have recognized me in goggles and flying helmet."

"Who the devil is he?"

"Name's Kauber. I think you'd better go."

While Dix and Whitefell groped their way to the door, both uneasy, he returned to the cockpit. *Damn Kauber*, he thought. *Damn the luck.*

Crouching in the cockpit, he heard the two fliers jump out of the plane into a clatter of anxious voices. The sounds subsided when Whitefell led them all around the plane, inspecting bullet holes—holes made weeks ago over England. John knew that Dix would meanwhile go to the house, presumably to phone for help. He would not phone, of course. But, according to plan, he would return to report that no help could arrive before morning.

Kneeling in the cockpit, his head out of sight for anyone looking at the windows, John Frazer waited. It was infuriating to have the presence of Fritz Kauber threaten the mission.

In less than five minutes Whitefell was back. "We can't get rid of the blighter," he said harshly. "He lives here. He and the girl have already asked us to stay the night." He hesitated. "Of course, we could draw guns, I expect. Herd the whole crew into a cellar—something like that—while we search the house."

John shook a worried head. "No good. Other people must have seen the dog-fight up there. They'll be coming around for a look at us. We've got to have the household on hand."

"But dammit, we can't have you out here all night!"

John Frazer considered the situation with a sense of nerves coiling up hard. And then, his mind darting at every possibility, he recalled something that brought hope. His hand fell on Whitefell's arm.

"Look," he whispered. "At Heidelberg Kauber used to fool around with an amateur radio set. Quite a tinkerer. Suppose you get them all into the house. Then say I'm trying to fix a stuttering radio-phone, so we can reestablish contact with our base. Kauber may offer to come out and help. If I can get him here alone—"

They looked at each other in silence. Then Whitefell, very grave, turned away. When he was gone, John remained where he was, listening to receding voices. He fumbled inside his flying suit and brought out a service automatic.

There were other preparations he had to make. From a compartment in the cockpit he took a flashlight. The need of a rope baffled him; but he had a knife, and the ropes of a parachute, it occurred to him, would



Whitefell led them all around the plane, inspecting bullet holes—holes made weeks ago.

do very nicely. He cut them, wound a ten-foot length around his arm.

After that he rose to look around. The twilight had deepened. He saw lights in the windows of the Geist house; and beyond it he saw two smaller buildings. One was a garage with servants' quarters on the upper floor. The other, farther back, was a large, stone barn. As he contemplated it, his eyes became thoughtful.

A man came out of the Geist house, hurried toward the plane. In the dusk John couldn't immediately be sure of him—not until he was within fifty yards of the Heinkel. Then a hard thudding started in his chest. It was Fritz Kauber, all right.

Kauber, reaching the plane, thrust his head inside. "*Allo!*"

"*Jah?*" John answered.

"I hear you have trouble with the radio-phone. Can I, maybe, help?"

"I don't know." John was dubious.

"If I could see it—"

While Kauber hoisted himself into the door, he went to meet the slim man. It would be wiser to face him here, inside the plane, where there would be no danger of being seen by anyone at a house window.

KAUBER straightened in the plane —recoiled a step. He stared in wide-eyed amazement at the automatic that pointed at his stomach.

John said in a low, quick voice, "Listen to me carefully. Do what I say. When we step out of here, walk to the barn. I'll be at your side. I'll keep the gun out of sight, but if you

try to run, I'll kill you quick."

Kauber's lean face became ghastly. He lifted bewildered eyes to John's begoggled face.

"If we meet anybody," John said, "keep walking. Say we're going for tools. Is it understood?"

"What—what is—"

"Never mind what is. Start now."

It was a tense walk through the darkness. John's first idea had been a similar walk into surrounding woodlands. But the barn offered nearer and better facilities—provided they found it empty.

Before they reached it, John Frazer heard voices far behind. He looked back briefly. Several people were running toward the plane. They came from the road on the other side of the house. Neighbors, he decided. People beginning to arrive from the outskirts of Wiesenburg. Thrill-seekers who had witnessed the dive of the plane.

Inside the barn it was dark. John pressed his automatic into Fritz Kauber's back. With his left hand he shot the flashlight's beam about the place. In a far corner he saw a bin. Once, he guessed, it had been used for horses' oats. Now there were neither horses nor oats.

John ordered, "On your stomach now! Hands behind your back."

Kauber growled savagely, "Damned spies!"

The automatic replied with an emphatic jab. "I said lie down. Must I crack you?"

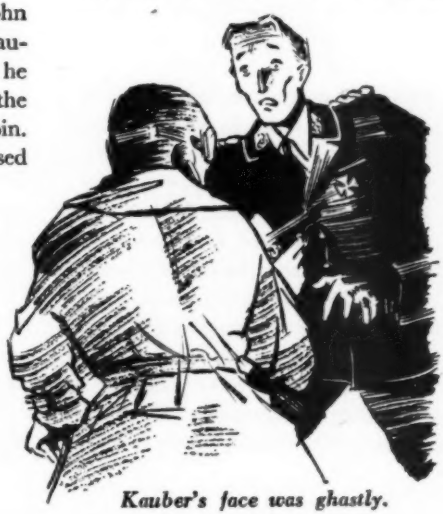
Kauber obeyed then, but his actions were sullen and stiff. He accompanied them with a flow of muttered profanity. John Frazer did a swift but secure job of tying the man. When it was finished, he rummaged about the barn, using the flashlight until he found a couple of small gray sacks filled with nails. He emptied them, twisted them, and returned to use them as gags around Kauber's mouth.

"You may be able to get rid of these," he said. "But if you shout, one of us will come and kill you."

He lifted the thin man and dropped him into the blackness of the bin. For the last time he sent the flashlight over Kauber's helpless huddle. Then he went back to the Heinkel.

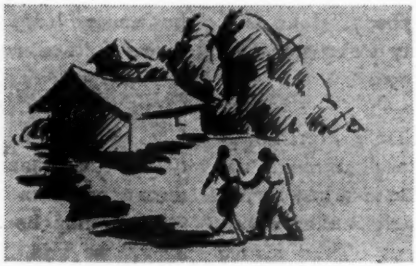
A dozen dim figures walked around it in awe. A few of them lit matches for a better view. When John appeared, they assailed him with questions.

He said bluntly, "We were shot



Kauber's face was ghastly.

down, that is all. It is *verboten* to enter the plane or to touch it—you understand that." He pulled the door shut.



They were a little afraid of him, these villagers—he could see that. To them he represented the authority of the armed forces. When he left them, going toward the house, he felt confident they would keep their hands off the Heinkel.

On the way he lifted the goggles from his eyes, pulled off the helmet. It was pleasant to let the evening breeze flow through his hair, cool his cheeks. Until now he hadn't realized how hot—almost feverish—he had become in the past fifteen minutes. Back in London, he thought dryly, Intelligence men were working at desks.

THERE WAS a spacious, low-ceiling drawing room in which Whitefell and Dix, having taken off their flying togs, were trying to appear at ease. In Nazi uniform, the Viking figure of Whitefell looked quite handsome. Squadron Leader Dix, a shorter man with a deceptively innocent, adolescent face, was examining books in a glass-fronted case.

When John Frazer entered, the girl with the golden hair was pouring *Kummel*. Whitefell introduced him:

"*Leutnant* Werner, our bombardier—Fraulein Elsa Geist." He added pointedly to John, "Fraulein Geist is the niece of Dr. Reinhardt Geist, who owns this house. The Herr Doktor is not expected home until nine o'clock."

John clicked his heels, giving the girl a smile and a bow. "I know your uncle's name very well," he said.

She seemed disinterested. Still pouring the liquor, she tossed him a stiff bow. The light of two lamps fell upon her, and John was again aware of her vivid young beauty. The smoothness of her face, the exquisite curves of her breasts under the sweater, her slenderness—they made any attempt at casual words disintegrate on his tongue. He wished she would return his smile; it would be pleasant to see how she looked with a smile. But Elsa Geist was stern. Too stern.

John glanced at Whitefell. "We need a new transformer on the radiophone," he reported. "Herr Kauber said he may be able to get one for us in Wiesenburg."

"*So?*"

"One of the sightseers out there offered to give him a lift to town. He went. Very kind of him."

It was intended to forestall Elsa Geist's wonder about Kauber's dis-

appearance. But when he turned back to the girl, her cool disinterest continued. She carried a crystal tray from man to man, bringing glasses of *Kummel*. Her aloofness puzzled him. He rather imagined the arrival of three Nazi fliers would excite a girl. But Elsa Geist was frigidly formal.

When they had taken the *Kummel*, she said, "You wish to eat?"

"If it is not too inconvenient, fraulein," said Whitefell. "A cup of hot coffee, perhaps—"

She nodded. Without saying anything further, she walked out.

"Doesn't seem to care for us very much, does she?" Frazer muttered.

Dix and Whitefell were perplexed, too; but they had other worries. They turned on him quickly, wanting to know what he had done to Fritz Kauber; and when John told them, Dix said in exasperation, "A bullet would have been more effective!"

"But noisier."

Whitefell said grimly, "Well, it eliminates the fellow for a while, at any rate. We ought to search the study now. It's beyond that door. I expect we'll have to get rid of the girl first—and the servants."

"How many people in the house?" John asked.

"Two maids, an old handy-man—and this Elsa Geist."

Dix was impatient. "Why not try to make the girl—if she knows—give us the Goebbels notes? If we turn a gun against her—"

"Steady," John warned. "Easy with the guns. There are quite a few local folk around the plane. If any barge in with questions—or look into a window to see us using guns—"

Whitefell cut in, "I expect we can get rid of *them*, right enough. Carry on till I get back." He put down the empty glass and strode out of the door.

WHEN HE HAD gone, John Frazer doffed his flying togs. The girl entered then, followed by the two maids. They began to set a small table in the drawing room. Elsa gave John a quick, appraising glance. Without the flying togs he looked taller, slimmer. He imagined, watching her, that her manner softened a trifle.

He said, "I remember, fraulein, when I was at school we read books by Dr. Reinhardt Geist. He wrote of the art and culture of the Romans and the Greeks—*nicht wahr?*"

Elsa nodded.

"Is he still writing of the glories of Italy?"

"No." She spoke quietly. "There is no time for such books now. People are too busy fighting to read. . . . I regret we have no sugar or milk. You will have to try civilian fare tonight. If you prefer wine to coffee, I can send to the cellar for a bottle."

John declined the wine. Whitefell, all but filling the door, returned while she spoke of the wine cellar. He looked quite pleased with what he had accomplished outside. Yet you could detect lines of strain about his eyes.

"I ordered those people away from the plane," he said. "Can't have them crawling all over it. Also, fraulein, I took the liberty of asking a few of the men to station themselves around the grounds to keep sightseers away."

She did not reply. Impassive, she watched one of the maids carry in the coffee. She herself poured it while the other servant brought a platter of sandwiches. Thin, dry sandwiches—*civilian fare*, John Frazer thought.

His eyes followed the girl throughout the sparse meal. She did not eat. She devoted herself to passing sandwiches and refilling coffee cups. She must have known he was watching her, for every few moments she gave him a direct glance. At such times he smiled, but she never returned it.

At last, after some fifteen minutes, Whitefell put down his coffee cup. He had waited long enough. By this time the lawn must be clear of visitors. He rose and half drew his automatic.

"Fraulein."

She had been looking into the coffee pot. Now, turning, she caught her breath when she saw Whitefell's gun.

He said to Dix, "Bring in those servants. Keep your gun pointed at them." Then he looked into the shocked eyes of Elsa Geist. "We have very little time, fraulein," he told her. "We want the editorials your uncle has been writing against Mussolini. We also want the notes Dr. Goebbels sent him. Quickly, please!"

The girl was stupefied. Before she could reply, Dix brought in the two maids. They were pallid.

Whitefell warned, "Not a sound, you two!" And then, "*Also*, fraulein?"

She found her breath. "Who—who



Now, turning, she caught her breath when she saw Whitefell's gun.



e launched his search rough the papers.

are you? What do you want?"

"That is immaterial."

"Are you *Italians?*"

"Fraulein, do not waste time. To us, you must see, time is life. Will you show us where the notes are kept?"

"I don't know anything about such notes!" Her low voice shook.

"When I came in a little while ago," Whitefell said, "you spoke of a wine cellar. If you cannot help us, we will have to lock you in the wine cellar—while we search the house."

"You're Italian spies!" She spoke with utter contempt.

Whitefell glanced at Dix. "Help me get them into the cellar," he said, still talking German. To John he added, "You can start in the study."

John Frazer felt a twinge of pity for the girl. She stood so rigid, so white. For a second he found her eyes looking straight into his—bewildered eyes, yet outraged, too. He turned away. This was a battle in a war. You couldn't waste vital seconds on a girl's eyes at such a time.

IN THE STUDY he drew the heavy curtains over the Gothic windows, then switched on the desk light. As he launched his search through the papers, he could hear Whitefell herding the women into the wine cellar.

There were scores of typewritten sheets, but he could catch no mention of Mussolini. Roosevelt, yes; and Churchill and Stalin. Bitter denunciations. But nothing about Mussolini or the Italians here. When he finished with the papers on the desk, he tried the drawers. They were unlocked. He drew out a fresh heap of papers and began to glance through them rapidly, scanning sheet after sheet until Whitefell and Dix joined him.

Whitefell said, "Well, we've got them out of the way. The old manservant, too—fetched him out of the garage." And then, "Look here, Frazer, I don't like the idea of Kauber being out there where we can't watch him. If he wriggles free—"

John straightened. "You're right. I can bring him here now."

"I'll feel better if he's in the cellar with the others."

So John Frazer went out into the darkness again. He walked quickly. The plane was a dim bulk, revealed only by starlight. He looked at it and thought of Elsa Geist—and felt absurdly sorry for the things they'd

had to do to her. Then he frowned, angry with himself for the thought. He and Whitefell and Dix had a job to do—one of the most startling espionage jobs of the war—and he couldn't let the vision of a girl obscure their objective.

When he entered the blackness of the barn, he drew the flashlight from his pocket. He stabbed its beam in the direction of the bin. He crossed the floor quickly, looked down—and stood rigid.

After a few seconds a chill crawled through John Frazer.

The bags which had served as gags were there. So were several pieces of rope, freshly cut by a knife. But Fritz Kauber was gone. Fritz Kauber must have gone for help!

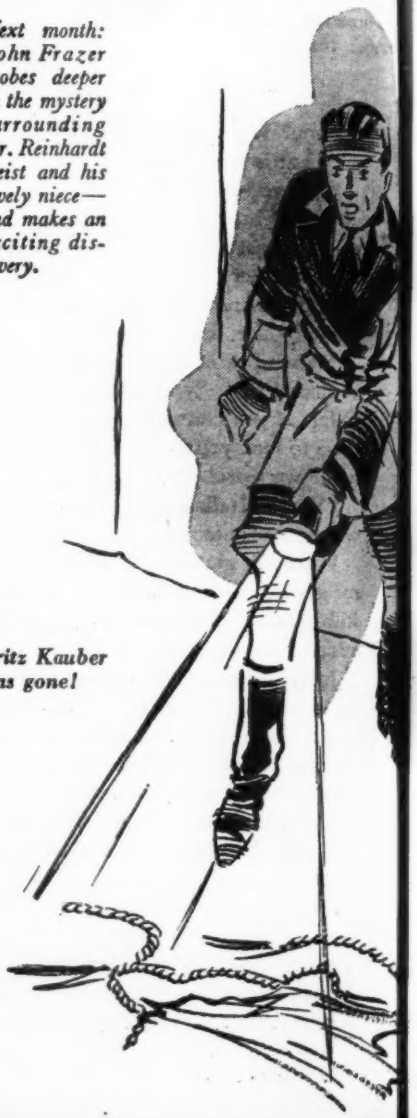
FOR AN INSTANT John was dazed. He felt a surge of heat rush to his head. It inflamed his eyes. He turned and ran out of the barn. He kept running toward the house. The beats of his feet were echoed by thumps in his temples.

But midway between the barn and the house he had to stop.

A shaft of golden light cut through the trees, and then a car crunched around the driveway to stop at the door. He saw a short, stocky figure climb out of it first. An elderly man with a gray Vandyke. That, he knew, must be Dr. Geist. He had seen a portrait of Dr. Geist in the study. But Dr. Geist was not alone.

Three other men followed him out of the car and into the door. They wore the uniforms of army officers.

Next month: John Frazer probes deeper in the mystery surrounding Dr. Reinhardt Geist and his lovely niece—and makes an exciting discovery.



Fritz Kauber was gone!

Not of Our Species



Whether or not they possess a sixth sense, animals can still amaze the men who mastered them, as these well-authenticated stories show

• • • Naturalist Eugene N. Marais owned a chimpanzee and a small marmoset. The chimpanzee became much attached to the marmoset, which was so tiny that he could hold it in one hand. Fearing the chimpanzee might accidentally injure his friend, Marais, whenever he left the house, locked the marmoset in a bird cage.

However, the chimpanzee soon learned to unfasten the complicated cage lock. Marais then suspended the cage from the ceiling. He pretended to leave the house, then came back and watched through a window.

First the chimpanzee dragged a table under the cage. Next he placed his high chair on top of the table. This took some maneuvering, as the chair was on wheels and difficult to handle. Even with the aid of the high chair, the chimpanzee was still unable to reach the cage.

He next went upstairs to Marais' room and brought back a large canister which contained biscuits. This he placed on the high chair. Balanced on top of the canister, he swiftly worked the intricate mechanism of the lock and freed the marmoset.



• • • One small struggle between the intelligence of genus homo and the ant went on in the basement of Dr. Lehman Wendell's home in Minneapolis.

Dr. Wendell discovered an ant blitz late one afternoon in 1932. The insects had gained entrance through a sand-filled hole in the concrete floor of the basement. Dr. Wendell poured boiling water over the sand, but this discouraged the ants only momentarily. To settle the matter once and for all, he covered the sand with ant

poison. Considering the battle won, he went to dinner.

When he returned an hour later, he found long lines of ants busily carrying grains of clean sand, which they placed over the ant poison to form a bridge. A regular shuttle system was in operation. Each ant would carry his grain to the end of the causeway, drop it over and return to the sand pile. The highway was already eight inches long and a half inch wide. It was straight, level and uniformly wide.



• • • Buried in an obscure work on animal behavior by Pierquin de Gembloux is a little item about a dog. It simply states that the author had observed a poodle which was able to bark the full eight note scale. The dog produced the notes faithfully and in the proper order.

It was also able to sing "very agreeably" Mozart's *My Heart It Sings at Eve.* Owned by Dr. Bennati, the dog was investigated by "all the scientists in Paris."



• • • Dr. A. K. Fisher of Washington, D. C., describes the experience of a medical colleague with a drunken cockroach. The doctor, in ill health for some time, usually spent several hours a day sitting at a small table by a window. The toddy he was served there often spilled on the table.

One day a cockroach emerged cautiously from a crack in the wall, then scurried up to the spilled toddy and drank it. This so interested the doctor that he resolved to intrigue the cockroach into intemperate habits.

How to signal the insect that his drink was ready was a problem. However, the roach quickly solved it. He established an association between the clinking of the spoon in the glass and the spilled liquor, and came each day when the glass was tapped.

The doctor's notes on the strange occurrence ended with the statement, "At times when over indulgent, his homeward gait was very unsteady."



• • • Police Officer Carl P. Paul was called to untangle a traffic snarl at an intersection in the center of Washington, D. C., June 2, 1930. Forcing his way through the jammed cars, he found that the cause of the commotion was an eighteen-inch snapping turtle which was crossing the street. It was smoking a cigar. The cigar was tilted at the traditionally rakish angle, and the reptile was puffing vigorously. Large clouds of smoke whirled about his head.

The turtle was impounded, and the event recorded on the police blotter.

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Gallery of Photographs





The Citadel

ROGER KAHAN, FROM RAPHO



PIX, NEW YORK

Windrift



Idol Worship MARTIN HYMAN, PHILADELPHIA



ANIEL CROSS, NEW YORK

"I See by the Papers"



"Tell Us Another" PAUL WOLFF, FROM EUROPEAN ELE



ELEANOR PARKE CUSTIS, WASHINGTON, D. C. *One Little Indian*



Eagle Beak FRITZ HENLE, CHICAGO



GO

YLLA, FROM RAPHO

The Thinker



Man the Topsl

BEREÓ, BOMBAY



BRASSAÏ, PARIS

First Snow



The Serenade KENNETH DUDLEY SMITH, PORT RICHMOND

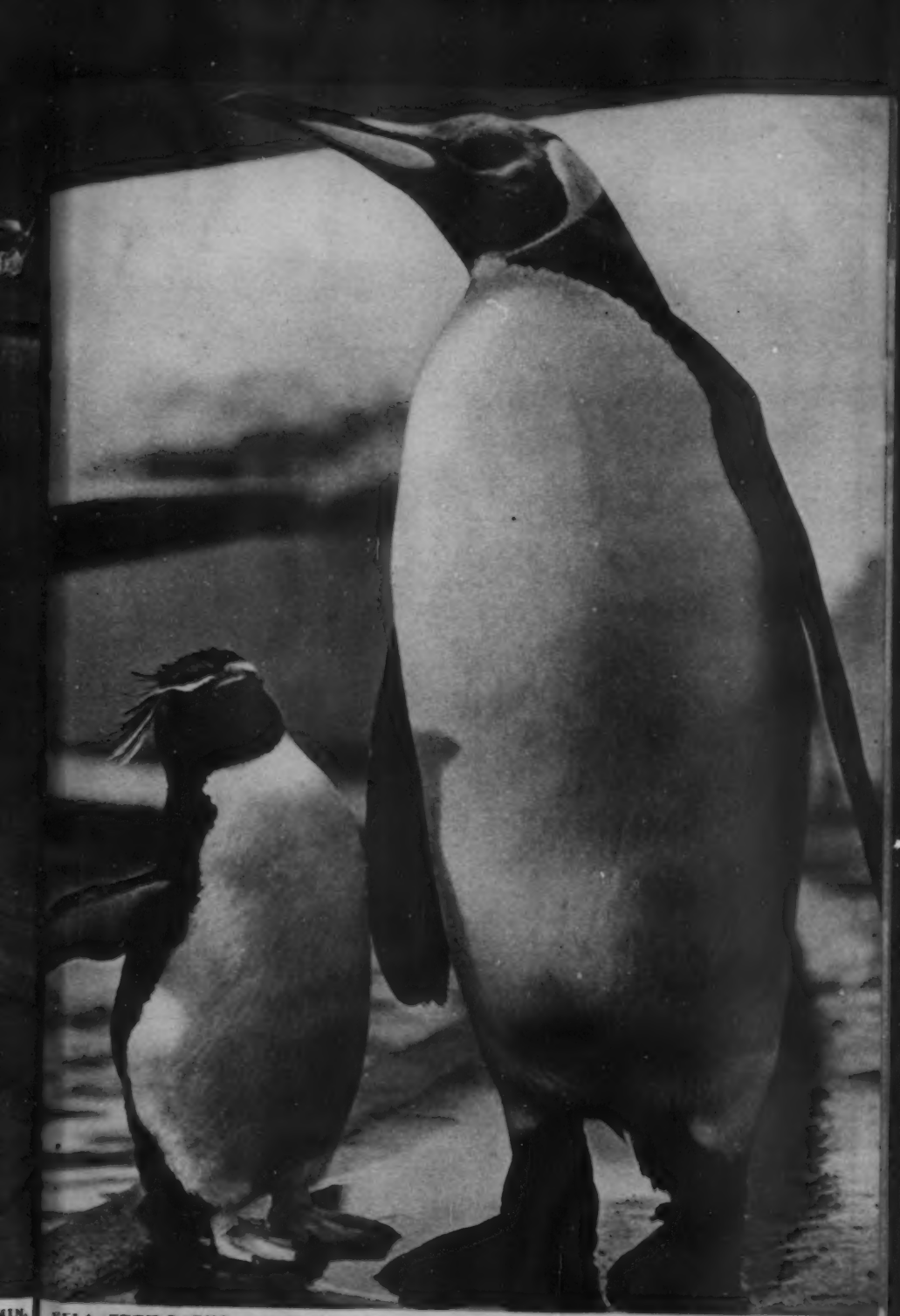


E CLARK, DETROIT

Lone Ranger



Cracker Barrel Philosopher FROM FARM SECURITY ADMIN.



VILLA, FROM RAPHO

Father and Son



Reflected Glory KÁROLY KLETZ, MISKOLC, HUNGARY



JAMES SNYDER, NEW YORK

Blue Leilani



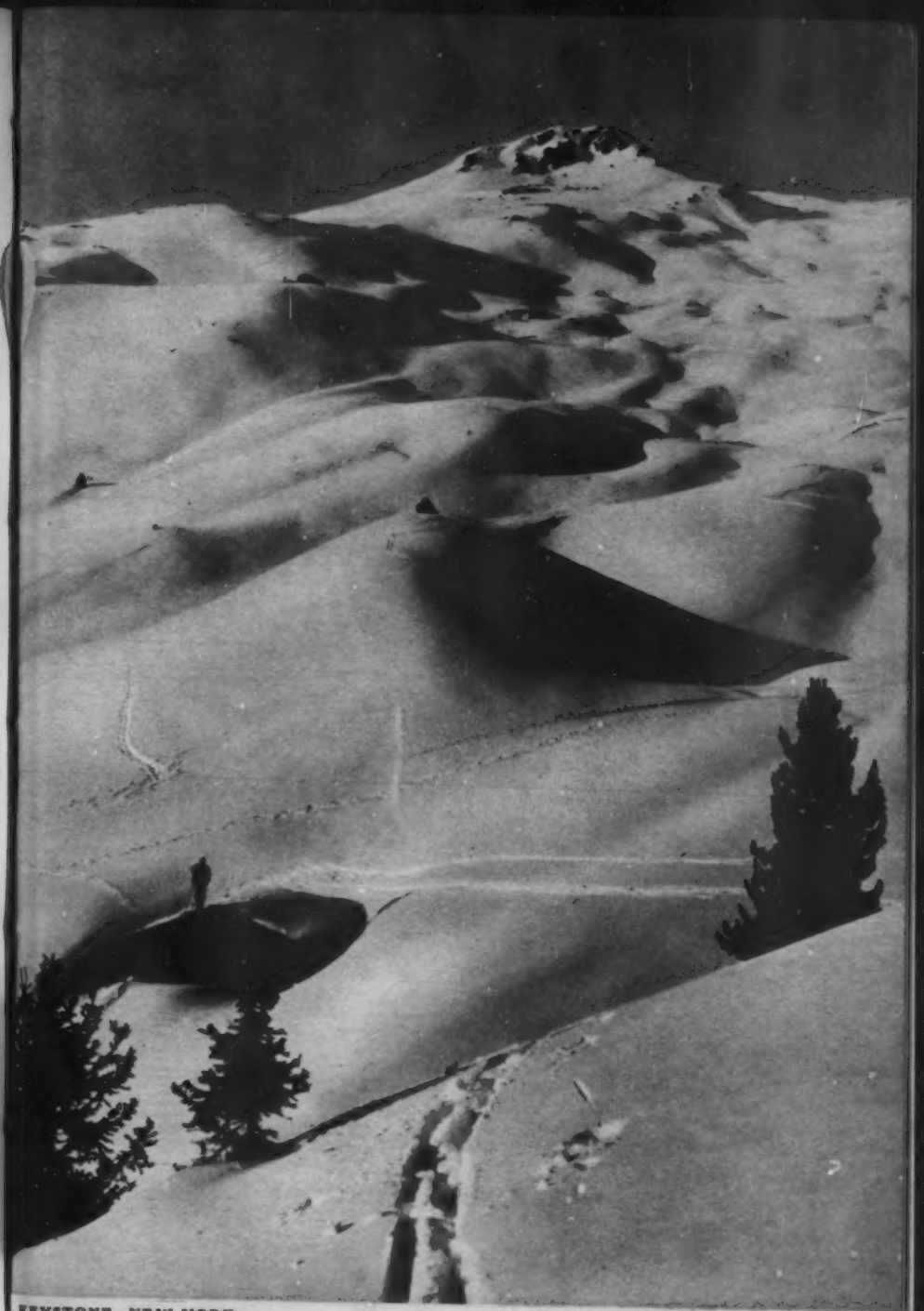
Blue Lellani



The Black Danube



GUS REHBERGER, CHICAGO



KEYSTONE, NEW YORK

Winter Wonderland



Vestal

HOWELL WARD, CHICAGO



ERWIN BLUMENFELD, NEW YORK

Narcissa



The World Outside ANTE KORNIĆ, ALEXANDROVA, JUGOSLAVIA



ROBERT THOMPSON, PITTSBURGH

The World Within



Eventide KÁROLY KLETZ, MISKOLC, HUNGARY

Your Other Life



The idea that we live two lives is as old as man. These well-authenticated tales from the world of dreams raise the question, "Which is reality?"

• • • One morning in the winter of 1940, the British submarine C-23 was resting under water. Twenty-four hours before, the crew had turned in for a few minutes rest. Now deadly gasoline fumes had turned the men's nap into deathlike coma.

As he slept, Officer Ian Scott dreamed he saw his sister sleeping at her post in a munitions factory, a thin tongue of flame creeping near her. He tried to warn her, but before he could do so, there was a shattering explosion. The explosion awakened him, and he at once realized the danger which threatened the crew of the submarine. Managing to awaken three other men, he succeeded in getting the submarine to the surface—and lifesaving fresh air.

When he arrived in port, he found a letter from his sister describing a dream she had had a few nights before while taking a nap in the munitions factory. She had dreamed that her brother was lying in his submarine, apparently dead—and yet not dead. Before she could wake him, she herself was aroused by a rending explosion. The filling shop at the factory had blown up; thirty-six women were killed and hundreds others injured. She explained that had she not fallen asleep at work—which she had never done before—she would have been in the shop at the time of the explosion.

The complete record of this case appeared in *Blackwood's* magazine.



• • • Raphael Pumpelly, noted geologist and professor at Harvard from 1866 to 1873, at breakfast one day heard his sister recounting a strange dream to her husband. She had dreamed she was standing in a

church while a continuous procession of men filed past. The men were carrying litters on which were large boxes covered with white sheets.

Her husband broke in, "Why, Netty, here it says that they are removing the bodies from the St. Mark's graves." He pointed to a morning newspaper article illustrated by a drawing which showed a long procession of workmen carrying coffins through the church. The coffins were covered with sheets.

The story had not appeared before, and investigation established that there was no normal channel by which Pumpelly's sister could have discovered that the bodies were to be moved. Certainly she could not have known time and method of the removal.



• • • In a dream, Kathleen Wilson, at that time living in Seattle, strolled along the shore of Lake Washington, hand in hand with a young man. They crossed a quaint high arched bridge leading to a mist-shrouded island, and were met by a mild mannered lion. Miss Wilson and her companion came upon a strangely dressed old man and asked him about the friendly attitude of the animals.

"This is the island where there is no fear," he explained. "Only a few people of each generation are given the privilege of coming here."

As they talked the mist began to thin. "You must leave quickly," the old man said. Miss Wilson and her companion were just able to recross to the shore before both island and bridge disappeared.

At this point, Miss Wilson was awakened by her roommate, who said it was 6:20 and high time to get up.

When Miss Wilson opened a late edition of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, she found a strange story spread across the front page. Hundreds of people walking around Lake Washington between 6 and 6:30 that morning had seen a mirage. In the center of the lake appeared an island on which could be seen animals and people. When the mist surrounding it lifted, the island vanished.



• • • After listening to a radio program broadcast by an organization of silversmiths, Mrs. Henry Vonderheit of Washburn County, Wisconsin, dreamed of a distinctly different silverware pattern. Lines in the pattern on the handle of each piece of silver ran towards the plates. The engraving on the knives and spoons curved to the right, that on the forks to the left.

Mrs. Vonderheit was so impressed with the design that she sent a description of it to a nationally known table service manufacturer. A few weeks later she received a substantial check in acceptance of her design.

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Inside Radio

• • • Whatever its other values, radio—as most of us know it today—is primarily a medium for selling merchandise. Naturally, therefore, the best known personalities in radio are its salesmen—including the various comedians, singers, musicians, announcers and others who greet the public at first hand.

However, while salesmen are the men most frequently seen in any big organization—behind each salesman there must be a host of skilled specialists, without whom salesmen could not function.

And this is particularly true in a field as highly technical as radio. Take your favorite program, for instance—or anyone's favorite program. There is probably a star heading the show—and a singer—and a comedy team. From fan magazines, you know the color of their hair, favorite foods, and childhood ambitions. You are even vaguely aware that the announcer is married and has twin boys.

But do you know any of that legion of experts without whose work your star would never have risen? Some are highly paid executives drawing down fabulous salaries. Some have mile-long lists of degrees appended to their names. All perform their tasks, daily, almost unknown—like the important ground crew behind each transoceanic flight—like the corps of technical midwives who usher each movie star into the world.

On the pages that follow, seven such radio specialists will be introduced to you, their jobs explained insofar as possible. So step *behind* the microphone. Meet the men and women *inside radio!*

Note Collector

Most all of Thomas Belviso's 43 years have been identified with music. By the time he had finished at Yale, where he organized and led the first university band, he was running a successful booking organization.

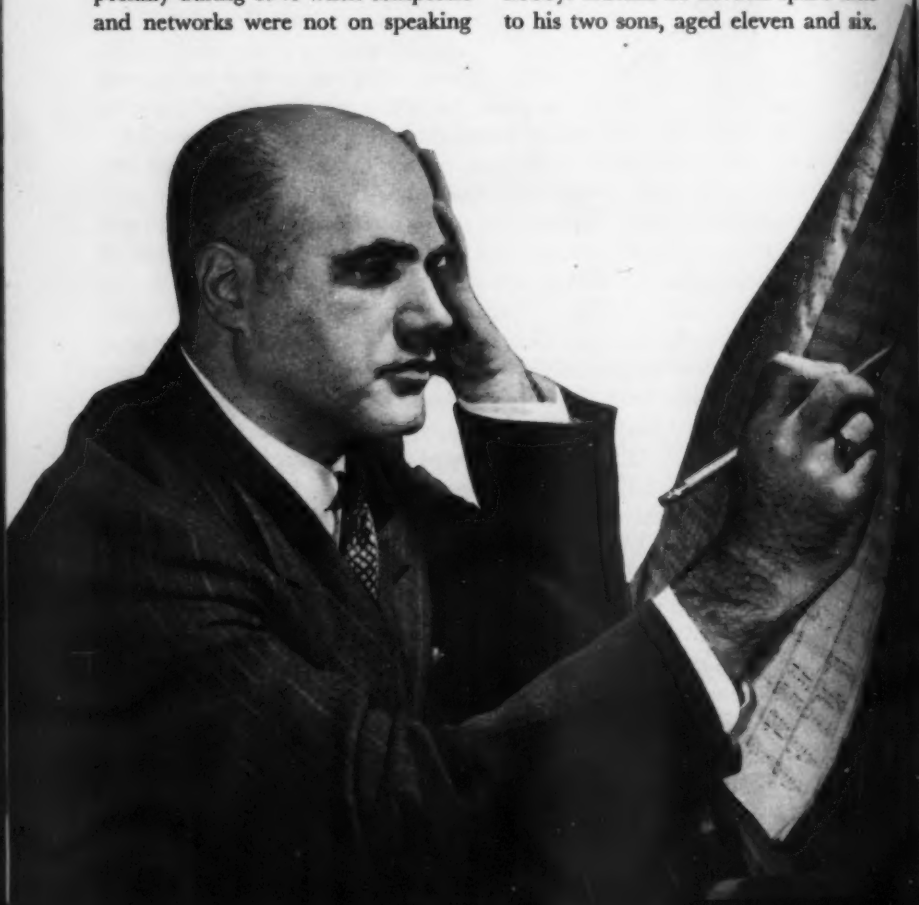
Today Belviso is director of the world's largest radio music library for NBC—keeping a file of 500,000 musical selections. Every song heard over the network bears his approval.

By far his biggest headache has been the matter of copyrights—especially during 1941 when composers and networks were not on speaking terms and many tunes were *verboten*.

Shudderingly aware that a single unauthorized use of a tune could mean a suit of $5,000 multiplied by the number of stations using the program (as many as 100 in some cases), Belviso must clear 100,000 items of music monthly.

Other Belviso odd jobs around NBC include watching to see that songs are not repeated on successive programs, keeping studio pianos tuned.

Aided by a staff of about 100, Thomas Belviso works long hours, seven days per week, cannot afford a hobby. Instead he devotes spare time to his two sons, aged eleven and six.



Cleanup Girl

Fred Allen once referred to her as the "Vice-President-in-Charge-of-You-Can't-Say-That." Nevertheless, Janet MacRorie's NBC job is one of the most important in radio—her responsibility one of the weightiest.

Broadcasters themselves never call her censor. "She's Continuity Editor," they admonish sternly.

Scripts submitted for review before broadcasting are scanned carefully for slander, impropriety, invasion of privacy and other infringements. When one is discovered, Miss MacRorie calls the advertising agency by phone; if it is more serious, she arranges a conference, acts as referee.

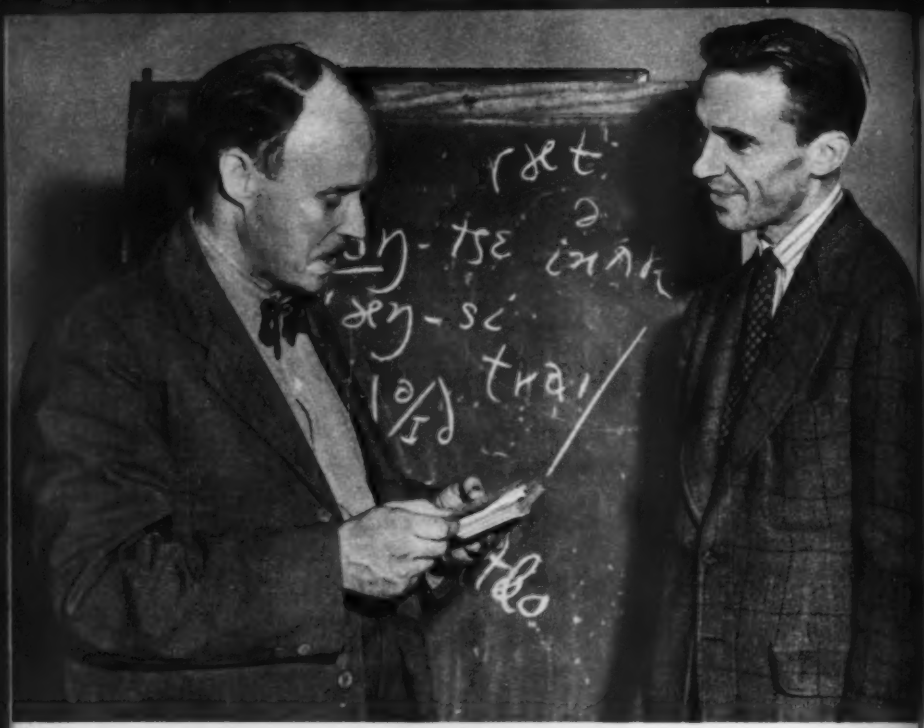
Differences in sectional feeling are always important. The Midwest is sensitive to off-color humor and anti-religious sentiment; the South demands respect for womanhood. A typical MacRorie case history:

Original script read: "The band will play a Negro spiritual, depicting a southern darky . . ."

Result: The agency agreed to eliminate "darky," leaving, "The band will play a spiritual depicting a southern Negro . . ."

Policy involved: Negroes resent the word "darky" to describe them.





Tongue Untwister

Dr. W. Cabell Greet, small, with a sandy mustache, dials in to some 6,000 radio programs a year, averages three hours of listening daily—just to hear announcers talk.

The way people talk is Dr. Greet's business. As a speech expert he advises CBS announcers, in addition to teaching at Barnard and Bryn Mawr colleges. CBS news analysts take his advice on how to pronounce such tongue-twisters as Mozhaisk and Maloyaroslavets in the Russian news.

Dr. Greet's radio job consists of steady sleuthing and gentle nagging. "Think phonetically," he keeps begging announcers who become careless.

There are times when Dr. Greet advises announcers to pronounce names incorrectly. Dr. Hacha, former President of Czechoslovakia, should have been called Dr. Ha-Ha, but it would have sounded silly.

Dr. Greet does not know quite how he drifted into speech-advising. He comes from Texas, studied the classics, and then law at Harvard. After a brief job with the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, he started teaching at Columbia University.

Some typical phonetic spellings, as prepared for radio announcers: Argyrokastron (Ahr-gear-OH-kahs-trun); Backa Palanka (BAHTCH-kah-pah-Lahng-kah); Fiume (fee-YOU-may).

Soap Saleslady

Most office workers have never heard of Irna Phillips.

To housewives, shut-ins and other stay-at-homes, however, Miss Phillips is a very important person. Important enough, that is, to earn a reputed quarter of a million dollars per year.

Who is she, you ask? Specifically, she's the author of *Woman in White*, *Right to Happiness*, *Road of Life* and *The Guiding Light*. More broadly, she's America's leading writer of "soap operas"—that legion of daytime radio serials which keeps American homes filled with thrilling adventure and ponderous problems.

Four shows, each five times weekly, keep Miss Phillips hopping. If you like statistics: each Phillips script (15 minutes) averages 1,800 words; with four daily shows, thus, she turns out 7,200 words daily, 1,900,000 per year; that's the equivalent of 27 novels.

Once a Dayton, Ohio, high school teacher, and later a radio actress, today, Miss Phillips writes parts to fit the actor. As a result, characters occasionally grow far beyond the importance originally intended for them.

For example, the character of Janet Adams, played by Barbara Luddy, in *Woman in White* originally was scheduled to die last year. However, Miss Luddy's interpretation of the role so impressed Miss Phillips that Janet Adams has grown into the key character.



Screech Detective

Typical of radio broadcasting's young old-timers is Charles Grey, entrusted these ten seasons with the delicate job of translating the Metropolitan Opera Company's matinee performance into radio terms.

Grey started out in radio before network broadcasting was even a vagrant dream. As a youngster of twelve up in Portland, Maine, he had his first "ham" station. Later, as wireless operator on a tramp freighter, he experienced the unenviable sensation of going down on a burning ship.

In his fourteen years of radio broadcasting, Grey has done just about everything: putting the famous Boston Symphony on the air from Symphony Hall; taking the NBC networks afield to cover Army maneuvers; picking up 2,500 voices at a convention of Welsh singers.

His job as engineer is one of those which can never be appreciated until something goes wrong. Its simplest operation is called "riding the gain" —which means twirling a dial constantly during a broadcast to keep a sound-sensitive needle always between two points.

Without him and his fellow engineers, programs would be mere noise.





Rainmaker

Ray Kelly can, and frequently does, make like an aardvark or give out with the glittering glissando of a glacier calling to its mate. He can make more darned noises!

As chief sound effects technician for NBC, it is Kelly's job to provide the "stage settings" for radio. He and his staff are the gents who bop a cabbage with a blackjack just as the villain snarls "Take that!"

"Sound" in radio today is an integral part of the technique of radio drama. It helps us "see" the action.

Mr. Kelly's Sound Effects department boasts two stockrooms filled with rain machines, assorted bells and whistles and a record library which preserves some 7,000 sounds.

He boasts he can reproduce any sound known to man. The collapse of floors in a burning house is done by smashing berry boxes. Eggs are fried by crushing a handful of cellophane. Surf is simply BB shot rolled on a screen. And the sound of a telephone dial is made, oddly enough, by a telephone dial.

Kelly got into the business pretty much by accident. As a student at Knox College, Galesburg, Ill., he had worked closely with C. L. Menser who ran the speech department and staged student theatricals there. When Menser became a radio producer, he remembered Kelly, hired him.

Clock-watcher

Once, for his *Pursuit of Happiness* program, Producer Norman Corwin listened to a song by a young composer named Earl Robinson, persuaded Paul Robeson to sing it on the air. It was the debut of *Ballad for Americans.*

Last year, he was writer, director and producer, all three, of a series of dramas, entitled *26 by Corwin.*

Corwin broke into radio through describing an ashcan-rolling contest in Springfield, Massachusetts. Before that he had been a movie reviewer.

Today Corwin is young, 31, and a permanent fixture on CBS's New York staff. As a radio producer, it is Norman Corwin's job to blend all the raw materials of a broadcast—script, cast, music, sound effects — into a smooth, effective presentation.

Visitors to radio studios have seen Corwin or his counterpart often at broadcasts. He's the man in the control booth, glaring at a stop watch, grimly pencilling a script, gesticulating queerly with his hands.

Small wonder Norman Corwin, whose job it is to know and coordinate all other jobs in radio says when asked what are his hobbies:

"Oh, playing the piano, I guess—and, of course, worrying!"



One of the oldest stories in the world gets a brand new ending—in the form of practical plans for keeping the old folks at home—and happy!



The Revolt of the Aged

by GRETTA PALMER

THE MODERN American attitude towards the aged does not exactly resemble that of the Eskimos, who abandon their parents to the Arctic winds when they have outlived their ability to lug a pack. But neither does it resemble the gracious attitude of the Chinese towards the old. No, it is strictly an American invention — a cloying, over-protective role which must be thoroughly maddening to any older person.

Take, as an example, the case of Florence S. who, like all characters in case histories, has no last name. Florence had a theory. It was that she and her husband could take her widowed mother into their home without the usual friction. She reasoned that if she and George could adjust themselves to the presence of children, they could just as easily make room for a member of the older generation. It would be almost like having another child, she said.

Things went fairly smoothly, at first. But Mrs. J. vigorously refused to take an afternoon nap or to wear a shawl. Moreover, she wished to keep her little car, which she drove herself, to visit her many friends at the other end of town. But Florence wouldn't hear of that (Junior drove the car when he was eleven). No, Mrs. J. was to live out the mellow evening of her life sitting in the guest room, with a radio tuned to the more elevating programs and her Bible spread open in her lap.

Mrs. J., however, got out of the guest room a good many times a day. She was a chipper old lady, adored bridge and was always eager to cut in when Florence and George entertained. She did not realize that her presence acted as a damper on their

Gretta Palmer's name graces Coronet's Table of Contents with increasing regularity. Appropriately enough, it was also on the roll call of the Vassar class (1925) which produced Elizabeth Hawes, the designer, and the wives of Senator Millard Tydings of Maryland, and Prince Paul Sapieha of Warsaw.

conversation, which they all edited to fit her ears: why should she, when she had enjoyed reading naughty French novels for the past fifty years? It was some time before she noticed that Florence and John were arranging their social life so that they spent more and more time out.



THE SITUATION became progressively worse, as it always does in such cases. Mrs. J. saw no reason why Florence should object to George's smoking cigars: she had always loved the smell of a good cigar, she said, and regretted that women were not allowed to smoke them, too. She was, in a word, a lively old lady who was being stifled by the possessive, intolerant affection of her daughter.

One evening George and Florence came back from a football game to find a note left on their bureau-top. It announced that Granny had moved that afternoon, with the help of a van ordered by herself, to a small apartment which she planned to share with a crony of her own years. "I want a little more freedom," said the incorrigible Mrs. J.

Later Mrs. J. told her friends that Florence was a nice girl, but dreadfully set in her way. She had hated to hurt their feelings, she said, but George and Florence were much too stuffy for her.

Florence, in spite of a certain relief at having the problem solved, felt a natural chagrin. Her pet theory had lamentably broken down.

It had broken down because she, like so many sons and daughters of today, had made no real effort to understand the problems and viewpoint of the old. She had not realized that a brisk old lady of seventy differs, in many important particulars, from a child. For one thing, she is accustomed to wield authority, not to submit to it. She cannot courteously be ordered to go to bed or told to eat her meals apart from the rest of the family when guests are there.

But unfortunately, not all of them are so financially lucky as Mrs. J., or so spirited as to dare defy their daughters. Many of them are leading miserable, circumscribed lives because their children have not the faintest glimmering of what it is like to be old. And right here I'd like to repeat the remark of one man who said, "The tragedy of growing old is not that we change, but that we don't."

YES, THE aged and how to deal with them presents one of the most important problems of our day. For one thing, there are more old people alive today than ever before. Scientists have prolonged human life so that the population is increasingly made up of persons sixty or over. At the same time, business has decided to set the age for retirement younger than ever before. The period of life between retirement and death is thus lengthened at both ends.

This presents a difficult problem to the young people, especially if their

parents are not financially secure. And few of them are prepared to deal adequately with it. For one thing, educators have preferred to concentrate on the problems of the young.

We do know, however, that an old person has a special burden to bear in the gradual withdrawal of vigor and a clear memory, of good hearing and sight and, most of all, of a job to be done with all his or her strength. The aged have a natural, strong resentment against the passage of the years, which may easily turn into resentment against those around them who still are young and vigorous.



An old person about the house can thus become an unmitigated nuisance. And the son's or daughter's irritation has added to it the emotions of pity and, probably, of guilt for permitting resentment of a once-revered parent to become so acute. This problem presents itself in any number of guises. Perhaps the old gentleman is deaf. The young people must choose between screaming every remark loud enough for him to hear, or excluding him from the conversation. Perhaps the Grandmother has untidy habits. The daughter must choose between patiently picking up after her or having her home littered.

What is the answer? Well, there are many. Perhaps we can make a start towards finding one if we remember that the old man and woman have reached an age for leisure, very often with no desire for leisure whatsoever. They need interests, work, friendships and responsible tasks as much as ever —and they do not know where to find them.

There are instructive cases in the records of old people who blossomed and grew cheerful when once they were given play for their nimble wits and young energies. Dr. Frederic Zeman of New York wrote this case record:

"Sophie S. was admitted into our institution six years ago at the age of seventy-four. As a young woman she had been afflicted with tuberculosis of both knee joints and had worn heavy steel braces on both legs ever since. When examined for admission, she was found to be unco-operative, sullen and irascible.

"But soon, her attitude changed remarkably—she went about with a smile and appeared to be taking a keen interest in everything about her. Inquiry revealed that Sophie had acquired a 'boy friend'. She confided to the head nurse that this was the first time in her life that a man had ever paid attention to her. For Sophie, life had begun at seventy-four."

Was it the institution that made Sophie happy? Certainly not. It was being treated as an individual, a woman, a charmer; she had been starved for the kind of attention which her aged suitor gave her. She reacted to it very much as a girl of seventeen would have reacted. The old are not so different as we think.

Not every devoted son or daughter can provide a candy-sending suitor to

Grandmother, but there is much that can be done.

Take, for instance, the matter of idleness—which nobody enjoys at any age.

Is there any reason why the old should not use their ability for some kind of volunteer work?

Consider the case history, recorded by Gladys Fisher of the N. Y. State Department of Public Welfare: "One kindly and polished old gentleman, a former college professor, refused to accept the idea that at seventy-eight he could no longer contribute to the community.

"He had always insisted that there must be something he could do to help. He came to our office, rain or shine, for a part of every day and collected and interpreted certain statistics for us. He did this without financial remuneration, but he got great satisfaction from the feeling that he belonged to the business world."

Even if the old man is physically incapable of performing his old tasks, you *can* teach him new ones. Records of the Family Welfare Society, the institutions for the aged, and the private physicians all verify this fact.

There was Miss Brown, a nervous, unhappy old lady, who was frightened by the prospect of long, idle days stretching ahead of her. A sympathetic social worker interested her in refurbishing her own wardrobe: she taught herself to crochet collar and cuff sets and, elated by this achievement, bought drawing materials and launched herself on a career in art. She joined free classes in sketching and now her days are crowded with study and work.

A vigorous old man of seventy-eight, a retired Army Captain, was penniless and dejected after losing his entire fortune of $50,000 in the stock market crash. An investigator for the old age relief fund, to which he was forced to apply, discovered that the Captain had formerly been an excellent fencer and was still interested in the sport. She put him in contact for a teaching position with schools and boys' clubs, and a year later the Captain, indescribably happy, found himself financially independent.



IF THE GROWN children of the aged always provided engrossing interests for their parents, they might be quite surprised to find life running far more smoothly. But the attitude of many grown children towards their parents is insufferably patronizing. Our generation has grown up with the cult of youth so generally accepted that we are inclined to look with contempt, as "puttering," on anything which an old man may do.

And that, to a large extent, explains the failure of such women as Florence S. to make a successful home in which two generations live together. Her fundamental premise—that the old are like children—is one which is bound to hurt the feelings of any man or woman who still feels young and active.

Well, you may say, how shall

Florence and the hundreds of thousands of women with her problem settle the matter? Suppose they *do* help their parents to find an engrossing interest. How can that solve the many irksome problems involved in mixing the generations in the same home?

It can't solve them, and it shouldn't be tried. For there are many ways of keeping the old people happy and independent—none of which include accepting them as members of a small, cramped household. No matter how tiny the home may be, it should be divided into two quite separate households, when two generations share it.

Suppose that the family are in fairly comfortable circumstances and living in a suburban home: they can add a little wing, with its own separate entrance, its individual, tiny garden, for the aged woman. She will come to the main house only on invitation—the small realm she calls her own will not be entered unless she has expressly asked her children or her grandchildren to come. That is one solution and, perhaps, the ideal one.

Suppose that the house is too small for the luxury of a separate wing. The spirit of separate households can still be kept: the Grandmother's room can be kept sacred to her. She may be given a spirit stove or an electric grill, where she can brew herself cups of tea and make little treats without entering the main kitchen. She can surround herself with all the accumulated treasures which seem trash to the less sentimental members of the family. Here the old lady may express her own personality, to the limit of her heart's desire, watering her plants, admiring the out-dated water colors which offend her daughter's taste, leaving her bed unmade until evening, if she happens to feel like it. This right to a tiny domain, on which nobody can trespass, is one which no older person should be denied.

And if the apartment is too small for even this? If the old person must share a room with a young child, or sleep on a divan in the living room? Why, under these circumstances, it seems to me that it is far kinder to let the Grandmother move to an institution, where she will, at least, have some sense of privacy, some chance to make friends of her own age, some opportunity for building a life of her own. Innumerable case histories tell of old persons who went reluctantly to such homes for the aged and who regained their spirits and their joy in living when they were once removed from the critical, difficult atmosphere of their children's crowded homes.



THE SOLUTION for this problem may differ in different cases. But I believe the clue to it is always found by beginning with an understanding of this fact: the old are not old to themselves. They are very much the same as we are. They have the same need for self-expression and friendships and hobbies as their young. Their idiosyncrasies should be respected, and they should

be segregated enough so that they are not forced to conform to the children's way of life—an especially unnatural adaptation for them, since it is a complete reversal of the situation which existed when the grown child was young.

The elderly should, in a word, be given a chance, through whatever living arrangements are most feasible, to be well-rounded individuals, independent of their children and with interests quite apart from them.

And it can be done! Vigorous, successful old men and women have already shown the way. I always like the story of one old lady who turned the trick of keeping herself amused when she might have sunk into senile self-pity.

Though bedridden, paralyzed and half-blind, Julia Ward Howe, at an advanced old age, was heard chuckling to herself one day. Her nurse asked her why.

"Oh," she said, "I was translating fiddle-dee-dee into Greek."

—Suggestions for further reading:

CAREERS AFTER FORTY
by Walter B. Pitkin *$1.75*
McGraw, Hill, New York

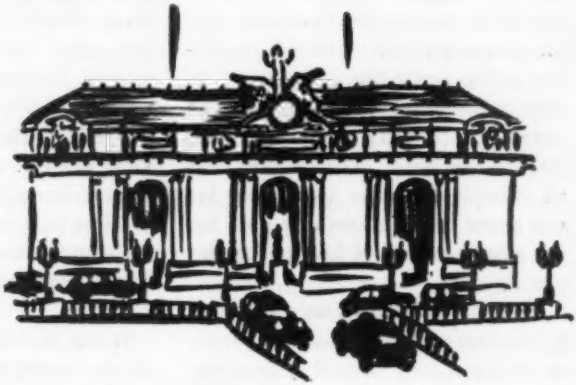
KEEPING YOUNG AFTER FORTY
by Eugene R. Whitmore, M.D. *$1.50*
D. Appleton-Century Co., New York

OLD AT FORTY OR YOUNG AT SIXTY
by Robert S. Carroll *$2.00*
The Macmillan Company, New York

Answers to questions on pages 37-38

1. Corbett
2. Burr
3. Achilles
4. Jean Valjean
5. The sea
6. Hayes
7. Ranger
8. Tortoise
9. Insurgents
10. Bismarck
11. Moses
12. Siegfried
13. Leonard
14. Fogg
15. Meilanion
16. Brutus
17. Wellington
18. Yankees
19. A draw
20. Tunney
21. Exeter
22. Thaw
23. Lehman
24. Normans
25. Grant
26. Mordecai
27. Armstrong
28. Rustum
29. Santa Anna
30. Petrovitch
31. MacDuff
32. Victory
33. Adams
34. Perseus
35. Jacob
36. Seabiscuit
37. Robert E. Lee
38. Hamlet
39. A flush
40. Cain
41. Camacho
42. A draw
43. Bolingbroke
44. Sitting Bull
45. Little John
46. Tybalt
47. Gravity
48. Ivanhoe
49. Jack
50. Commonwealth of Massachusetts

You are cordially invited to spend twenty-four hours—in the pages that follow—at the crossroads of this nation in the heart of our greatest city



Grand Central Station!

by CURT RIESS

"STORIES?" said the Travelers Aid lady. "We could tell you stories from now till tomorrow. Everything happens here. A young girl runs off to New York to make a big career—and her parents wire us to hold her; an old woman comes to see the big city once before she dies—and gets lost the moment she steps off her train; little children come all the way from California—tagged like pieces of baggage—"

These are a few of the hundreds of human destinies, drowned in the enormous machinery of Grand Central Station in New York. Thousands of little tragedies that not even people a few yards away know anything about. . .

The lady of the Travelers Aid Society pointed discreetly.

The young man with an overcoat over his left arm and a bag at his feet had been standing there for quite some time now. He did not seem to be waiting for any particular train. His eyes watched the concourse.

"Railroad police?" I asked.

She nodded.

There are about 900 detectives attached to the New York Central Railroad, of which a very large percentage cover Grand Central Station. In fact, Grand Central is so well covered that crooks have named it "Death's Kitchen." Thieves can't get away with anything there.

The train from Boston had arrived; everybody had gone, and the gate was closed. Only a young, very handsome Negro girl was still waiting. She stood there for a few minutes more before she decided to go. Just looking at the way she walked away, you could see

how disappointed she was.

At midnight the train to Niagara was leaving, and the doorman was just about to close the gate when two fat gentlemen arrived after a breathless spring across the concourse. "So glad to have met you," one of them managed to gasp while running through the gate. "The pleasure was all mine," the other man said. He was going to say something else, but the other was out of hearing by this time.

Two sailors sleeping on a bench in the waiting room woke up. They started to smoke, and then they began to talk about the Dodgers.

By this time the waiting room was almost empty. There were a few couples; each pair sat very close together, talking in low tones. The young man with the overcoat and the suitcases came around, looking suspiciously at the benches.

Only two more trains were to arrive—one from Springfield at 12:38, and another at 1:15 from Stamford.

It was very still in the great concourse. A few people hurried through, but they moved quietly. Through the glass doors you could see empty trains standing on the tracks. Only one newsstand was open.

Grand Central was going to sleep.

From nowhere, an army of cleaning men appeared, mops before them, swabbing up the immense marble floor. They moved swiftly, without any noise—about sixty of them.

Now you could see how big, how enormous this concourse was. And beautiful, with its star-studded ceiling some 125 feet above the floor. If you want to know, the whole concourse is 275 feet long and 125 feet wide, and the arched windows at either end are 75 feet high. It's the biggest depot in the world.

It was so still that you could hear all the muted noises from the streets of New York. A street-car clanging by, the blare of an auto horn, a snatch of loud conversation.

And then, after an eternity, the huge windows became paler as some of the street lights were going out. Noises from the street became more regular, and you had the impression that they were increasing, though you could not distinguish between various noises as well as before. It was like a single tone, starting very softly and becoming louder all the time.

When the first commuters' train came in, a handful of people emerged on the lower level, looking sleepy and pale. At first there was a long interval between trains, but the later it be-



came, the more frequently trains arrived.

By eight a. m., trains were arriving about every thirty seconds. Commuters streamed out, filling the concourse in no time. They rushed to the subway entrances, to 42nd Street, to Lexington Avenue or to one of the lunch counters—trying to read their newspapers or lighting cigarettes. Hardly any of them carried a bag. Just hurrying through.

By then the Information Booth in the center of the concourse had come alive.

This bureau is by far the busiest in the world. As many as 17,000 queries have been answered in a single day. Thirty-one operators are on duty. Perhaps the newest and most important feature is a device that holds the calls if all the receiving operators are busy answering questions. The excess incoming calls are stored electrically and answered as fast as a clear wire becomes available.

IT WAS NOW nine a. m., and one of the great events of the day was approaching—the arrival of the famed Twentieth Century Limited. A red carpet was spread from the gate to where the cars were going to stop. Thirty to fifty redcaps took up strategic positions on the platform.

I was standing next to a redcap with snow-white hair—who readily obliged with information. I learned, for instance, that the very institution of the redcaps had been founded here at Grand Central Terminal. A Negro, James H. Williams, today in command of more than five hundred Negro redcaps, had the idea. He had been a doorman in a florist shop and later worked in the old Grand Central Depot. He was the first to think of portering as a profession.

The old man told me that it was by no means easy to become a redcap at Grand Central. A young Negro applying for such a job had to bring references for five years back. New men were taken only for a six-month probationary period, taught all their duties about time-tables, railroad thieves and many other things, and then put on night shift in an inconspicuous part of the station. If they made good, they were promoted to a better place with better hours.

After the Twentieth Century and a few other trains had come in, Grand Central became a little quieter.

WALKING DEEP underneath the street with a Mr. Bingham, who shows visitors through Grand Central, I learned that they had excavated the ground as deep as 110 feet underneath Grand Central—for various purposes. There were enormous steam and electric plants down there, enough to light and heat a city of 100,000. You see, the railroad owns all the land where the trains run underground out of New York—land on which some of the most important New York hotels, apartment houses and office buildings have been erected. And because they are built above the railroad tracks, all those buildings are without cellars, and must depend on Grand Central for heating and other facilities.

Then, all the repairs in these buildings—including, of course, the Terminal building itself—are done by the Grand Central shops, deep down under the tracks. You can get anything done there—there are carpenters, iron-workers, marble-cutters, plumbers and welders.

Walking underground, and feeling very much as though on a Hollywood set, we finally came to one of the signal towers, of which there are five, from the outskirts of the city to Grand Central.

It is here that incoming and outgoing trains are directed from track to track. There are only four tracks entering Grand Central from the outskirts of New York City. Yet when they actually enter the Terminal, there are eighty.

Obviously, since some 650 trains a day enter or depart, it takes real generalship to get the trains in and out without collisions. That's what the towers are for.

The activities in those towers are centered around one man, the director, who sits in front of something resembling a switchboard and a chart of all the tracks.

It is an elaborate chart studded with tiny green lights representing sections of track. If the light is burning, it means that this particular section of track is unoccupied. The moment the green light goes out, it means that the section is no longer vacant; and naturally a train is coming in or going out, crossing innumerable tracks, not only making the tracks it occupies at any given moment impassable, but also any number of crosstracks.

The director in front of his switchboard and chart gives necessary orders, and then you hear a clank as the towermen start pulling levers. They repeat the orders which go something like this: "1479 for 16." Or, "8 around B." Aside from these orders and their echo, you hear from time to time the ring of telephones, the staccato of the telautograph machine, a loudspeaker in another tower, and the click of a telegraph key. It's an amazing atmosphere. You wonder at the fantastic endurance of those directors, sitting there eight hours a day (they work in three eight-hour shifts), never missing any clue—which of course would be disastrous—never losing so much as a second.

It is only in those towers that you really get an idea of what goes on in the world's busiest railroad station. Though, paradoxically enough, you see almost nothing of the activity in reality. You just see it, I suppose, as a general sees a battle.

Retracing our steps underground, we passed the enormous, 99-foot-long mail conveyors, and a few dozen of the 325 elevators making up the total in all the buildings on Grand Central land. Then, rather suddenly we found ourselves back in the concourse.

It was about noon now, or a little later, and of course all the commuter trains and most of the big trains from out of town were in. You might call it the lunch hour of a railroad station.

But of course it was also the lunch hour of New York City. It was plain,



now, that Grand Central was something more than a railroad station.

The concourse was crowded with people. It resembled more a street than the interior of a building. In fact, sometimes the pedestrian traffic became so overwhelming that you wished there were a traffic cop to regulate it. People streamed through all ten entrances, in and out, in and out, just passing through.

The numerous shops and stores in those underground corridors were filled with customers. All kinds of shops: jewelry, shoes, men's furnishings, ladies' accessories, liquor, radio, sporting goods. And a theater ticket bureau, a Western Union office and a Post Office.

Eating places were now doing a thriving business. On the upper level alone there are twelve restaurants and lunch counters; on the lower level there are two—not counting the restaurants and cafeterias run by nearby hotels, which are connected with the Terminal by underground passages.

There was a long line before the newsreel theater, which forms a part of the Terminal. The twenty-two newsstands at all the so-called strategic points also were besieged by customers. People were even going into the Terminal art gallery and into the Transport Museum, which shows the history of transportation.

If you go in for figures, big figures, Grand Central is your dish. Aside from the 250,000 daily passersby, there are some 60,000 travelers every day. The Terminal area contains thirty-four miles of track. Three million cubic yards of material had to be excavated in order to build the Terminal, of which 2,500,000 cubic yards were solid rock.

The work started on July 1, 1903. That is, the work of demolishing the old Grand Central Depot. The new Terminal was opened in February, 1913. It took more than 125,000 tons of steel and more than 350,000 cubic yards of concrete. It took a whole army of the finest architects of the country. In fact, so insoluble did the problems seem that one of the architects trying to find a solution went mad and had to be put away. No fooling.

It was four p. m. by now, and once more Grand Central became a railroad station. Rather suddenly, people streamed in from all sides, rushing down to the lower level, boarding the dozens of commuter trains which by now were leaving the Ter-

minal at the rate of almost one a minute. They were the same people who had come in in the morning—only now they looked tired and happier. They were already thinking of their suburban homes.

The rush of commuters from four o'clock to seven, and even a little after that, was so heavy that the passengers of incoming trains and of those outgoing—including such important ones as the Twentieth Century Limited, red carpet and all, were hardly noticeable. Neither was the famous criminal who was being sent off to Sing Sing, handcuffs on, flashbulbs popping around him.

After seven it became calmer. Now, New York had dismissed its out-of-town workers, and Grand Central once again was given over to those coming in from or leaving for distant places.

The concourse was now brilliantly illuminated by a million bulbs. Once more it became rather quiet inside the station—it was not the complete silence that had reigned in the early morning; it was more the calm created by a few people behaving as noiselessly as possible.

By now I was thinking of going home. I was approached by a young man with an alert-looking face, an overcoat over his left arm and a little bag in his right hand. It didn't take much imagination to guess that he was another railroad policeman, and forewarned, no doubt, by his colleague.

There was a firm undertone in his voice when he demanded to know what I was doing there, "all this time." He meant twenty-four hours.

I said I had come for a story, and he didn't understand at first. "What kind of story?"

"Oh, nothing particular," I said. "Just a story about what goes on in Grand Central during a day, any day. Just the little things that make a railroad station tick—if you know what I mean."

He didn't. He looked at me in amazement. "Well, I'll be . . . A story. There's no story. People just passing through. Nothing much happens in Grand Central."



Formulae

Thomas Paine: "He that would make his own liberty secure must guard even his enemy from oppression."

Gaylord Hauser: "You are what you eat."

Lenin: "The easiest way to debauch the capitalist system is to debauch its currency."

Indeed, what better news could there be than that the lives of thousands of children—and more than a few adults—may very soon be spared?



Good News on Infantile Paralysis

by B. B. TOLNAI

IF YOU HAVE known that chill twinge of fear when a child suddenly comes down with headache, fever, cold or any of the other symptoms associated with infantile paralysis, the doctor has good news for you. Five hundred to one, your child doesn't have poliomyelitis at all. But if he does, Doctor Erich Schwarkopf, B. S. Troedsen, and K. G. Hansson have perfected a device, called the oscillograph, that will guide him back to normal life.

That means, today, complete cure in half of all infantile cases, while in many others recovery is so nearly complete that the patient may never suffer any ill effects. That is supposing, of course, that your child has proper care and treatment from the moment the disease is recognized. This is where the new oscillograph comes in.

The main purpose of the new gadget, currently in use at the Hospital for Ruptured and Crippled in New York, is to tell doctors when to start active treatment and how long to keep it up. That sounds like a matter for routine judgment, but unfortunately poliomyelitis is not so simple. For one thing, "polio" is no routine disease. Popularly known as infantile paralysis, it is neither infantile, nor, necessarily, paralysis. It may, and frequently does, attack adults; as for the paralysis, it is actually a complication, like earache in measles, and probably as preventable if we only knew how to make it so.

Meanwhile, the most important thing is to rest weakened muscles completely, by means of splints, braces and plaster casts, until they are ready to be wooed back to life. The most effective treatment for this is a combination of heat, massage and underwater exercises, in specially heated pools. The danger, however, is that the length of time needed for treatment varies, and any premature

action almost certainly leads to permanent crippling.

It was to eliminate such guesswork that Doctors Hansson, Troedsen and Schwarkopf put their heads together. Any really practical approach to the problem, they knew, would involve a detailed knowledge of the life and habits of a creature never seen on sea or land, the tiny virus of poliomyelitis.* About all anyone has succeeded in finding out concerning it is, in fact, that it can't feed or multiply outside its host. But unfortunately it makes up for lost time as soon as it attaches itself to the spinal cord, or, more rarely, lodges in the brain.

The three scientists went to the seat of infection in the central nervous system for their answer. Once the virus destroys nerve cells, nothing can be done to replace them. If the damage is only partial, however, the cells send an S.O.S. in the form of an infinitesimal electric current.

Accordingly, Doctors Schwarkopf, Troedsen and Hansson set up an oscillograph, and there it was, a message plain as any radiogram, telling them whether the condition of any set of nerves was good, fair or poor.

So far, so good. But even a blueprint of treatment and probable recovery is not much use, unless you are in a position to follow it. In the case of poliomyelitis that means an outlay of more than $2,000 a year, a calamity in itself to Tom, Dick and Harry. Yet any deserving person can now receive the best of care and treatment—and free.

Whenever a community has an outbreak of poliomyelitis on its hands, patients must be isolated, splints and braces prepared and iron lungs rushed on the scene. The disease at this point moves with bewildering rapidity.

Anxious parents and relatives, caught in its wake, have hardly had time to catch their breath before paralysis reaches its seventy-two hour climax and begins its slow retreat. The patient's whole future may now depend on the care he receives, and it takes a staff of experts, public health nurses and physicians to keep track of developments—and to guard the rest of the community.

All this, generally, happens with quiet efficiency and a minimum of fuss. Yet all the time there has been no talk of money, no signing on the dotted line, no questions asked.

The power behind the scenes is the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, rightly called one of the outstanding examples of active democracy in the fight against disease.

Whether you dance at the President's Birthday Ball or fall in step through the March of Dimes, you'll welcome this bulletin from the battlefront of the war you are helping to wage against a vicious disease. We picked a journalist with a medical flair to bring you a cheering report, balanced with sober recognition of what the doctors are up against. B. B. (one is for Barbara) Tolnai had hoped to be an M. D., now is writing a history of tuberculosis in addition to turning out articles for a number of national magazines.

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* *With the aid of a new microscope which sees by electricity instead of light, scientists will be able to photograph the polio virus. Harnessing the electron, the new instrument magnifies objects 10,000 to 30,000 times, brings into focus almost invisible disease germs.* *See Infinity in Reverse, page 148, this issue.*

It foots bills, lends a hand with necessary equipment, helps local health departments out of the red and wages a constant preparedness campaign against the infection. Its treasure chest, in turn, is supplied by the President's Birthday Celebration Committee and the annual March of Dimes.

In 1939, for instance, an epidemic caught Charleston, South Carolina, short of funds. The National Foundation promptly advanced half the necessary amount, matched overnight by the Children's Bureau of the U.S. Department of Labor. Again, the year before, the families of two-thirds of the patients struck down in an epidemic at Buffalo, New York, were unable to pay. Once more, the National Foundation came to the rescue.

Yet the most important work of the Foundation is in the scientific field, where it functions as a fund-granting and supervisory body. I happened to be at headquarters in New York City, one day during the recent epidemic. On the desk in front of Dr. Don W. Gudakunst, medical director of the Foundation, lay a sizable volume of scientific reports, based on grants of the Foundation. Sixty-two such grants were made in the past year for studies in virus diseases, nutrition, after effects of the infection and epidemiology, as well as for training public health workers and physicians. Out of such studies the Foundation hopes, one day, to wrest the mystery of infantile paralysis.

The famous Warm Spring Foundation at Warm Springs, Georgia, is just one of the outstanding grantees of the national body. Tom, Dick or Harry may go here for months of proper care and treatment, whether or not he has the money to pay for it.

INFANTILE PARALYSIS is a menace, but by no means a plague. In any average year, in fact, common measles adds up three times its toll. Even taking the top figures, chances of developing the disease in any recognizable form are not more than one in 500. Less than one person in 3,000 dies of it, and only one in 1,000 suffers permanent injuries.

If, in spite of this, it continues to be one of the most feared public enemies, the reason is that even as diseases go, infantile paralysis is a thoroughly bad actor. Most infections give some warning of their presence. Not so "polio." Symptoms appear anywhere from four to ten days after the original infection. Very rarely, the onset of paralysis is the first indication that the victim has had the disease. More often it may masquerade as a cold, stiff neck or upset stomach, and leave the patient unscathed after all. But then again, symptoms may be so slight that they pass unnoticed, and the patient may never know he had the disease.

Almost the only general rule for prevention is to live as hygienically as possible and to avoid exposure. Sitting it out in the country is definitely no solution. For some obscure reason, poliomyelitis, unlike most infectious diseases, is more common in the country than in the city.

The most important immediate precaution—in time of epidemic—is to call a doctor whenever your child displays the signs of vague discomfort ordinarily classed as crankiness. This is a duty to the community, as well as a necessary measure for his protection. For while your child may never develop clinical poliomyelitis, he may infect dozens of his playmates.

Just how this happens is still another mystery. One theory, however, is that the virus travels from the nose, down the nerve of smell to the spinal cord. An antiseptic spray under the circumstances would seem to be the obvious answer. Thousands of noses, in fact, had been duly sprayed before the medical profession was forced to conclude that the spray failed to do the trick. Vaccination offers no immunity. Sulfanilamide and its 1,200 offshoots have made no impression so far on poliomyelitis.

That leaves medicine with the old standbys, and the recent addition of the oscillograph in the fight against one of the most insidious enemies of man. It is only a beginning, of course.

Medicine is frankly still very much in the dark about infantile paralysis. But beginning or not, we are able today to curb some of the worst consequences of the disease.

And that is certainly good news!



Gilbert Stuart

To most Americans, the Gilbert Stuart portraits are as much a part of the George Washington tradition as the legendary hatchet and the cherry tree. Something of a hero-worshipper himself, the forty-year-old artist saw the fulfillment of a long-held wish when in 1795 Washington first sat for him. Born at North Kingstown, in the colony of Rhode Island, Stuart at the age of fifteen went to Edinburgh with Cosmo Alexander, the Scotch painter, later won recognition in London and Dublin. He returned to America only two years before he began work on his three original Washington portraits and numerous copies. The Walters portrait (on the gatefold opposite), the last that Stuart ever painted of Washington, was done in 1825.

Ernest Fiene

An accident took Ernest Fiene from his job hauling weights for German makers of structural steel and gave him six months of forced leisure to find out that his desire to draw and paint was stronger than ever. At seventeen, he left Germany and went to New York to paint—and starve. But now his work figures in leading American collections, and his paintings are hung in many large museums.

George Washington



Connecticut Winter

Painstakingly groomed for their roles, stars of the flower show are every bit as temperamental as flesh-and-blood headliners in a Broadway play



Ziegfelds of the Greenhouse

by PRISCILLA JAQUITH

SHOW FLOWERS are a race apart—as different from the garden variety of flower as Man of War is from the dray horse. They are as temperamental, delicate, beautiful and demanding as a glamour girl—and every bit as expensive.

One show flower may represent a man's life work. Like the big red dahlia, Murphy's Masterpiece. It has a flower-head nearly a foot and a half wide that stares straight at you from the top of a hollow stem big as a walking cane. Tim Murphy worked all his life to breed that flower—and died before ever he saw it bloom. But his neighbors in Peabody, Massachusetts, saw to it that it carried his name, the only memorial Tim would have wanted.

For raising flowers gets in a man's blood. Raising them and showing them and judging them at the fifty thousand exhibitions that go on in the cities and towns of this country every year—masses of beauty and color.

You can walk past the benches of any of these shows and see hundreds of blooms as fresh as in their own gardens. It looks as though every flower within a hundred miles obligingly opened its bud on show day.

But that isn't so. The professionals bring show flowers into bloom right on time like an express train. If a man knows he has only ten days till judging time and that his flowers won't open naturally for thirteen days, he'll speed them up so their buds are wide and dewy on show day. Give him two months time and he can gain as much as two weeks from seedling to flower.

He goes about it like this: he raises

Priscilla Jaquith has handled publicity for everything from skyscrapers to marigolds—including her alma mater, Cornell University. She tells us that she started out to write a best-seller at the age of seven, but stopped when relatives laughed at her. Now, as editor of one magazine and author of articles for other magazines as well, Miss Jaquith would seem to have the last laugh.



the greenhouse temperature to 80 degrees, even at night; keeps electric lights burning all night and on cloudy days; feeds the plants extra nitrate of soda; gives them lots of water to drink, and, with woody plants like rhododendrons, lilacs and azaleas, covers the buds with moss to parboil and soften the bark so they can burst forth easily. A Long Island doctor (Dr. Bruce B. Preas) once brought an acre of dahlias into bloom for a show by flooding them with electric lights—at a cost of more than a thousand dollars.

Slowing them down is almost as easy. But not quite, for take away a show flower's water and food and you'll get a sickly bloom that wouldn't stand a ghost of a chance.

You can fool the plants, though. A. M. Van den Hoek, veteran flower show exhibitor and juror at all the big national shows, once slipped a whole garden of azaleas, rhododendrons, crabapples, lilacs and lilies into his huge refrigerator in May. He left them there in cold storage (just above freezing) while he went off to Europe to tour and judge at flower shows. He replanted them on his return in August. The plants never knew they'd missed an hour and bloomed on Labor Day—a Spring garden in fall.

A gardener who wants to step on the brake puts his plants in a cool, dark place. If they're in pots, he lifts them out and disturbs the roots just enough to slow them up, but not enough to injure their bloom. Out of doors, he may open an umbrella or build a tent of black cloth above them. More likely, he cuts the buds just before they open, being careful to give them yard-long stems, and plunges them up to their necks in water in the refrigerator, where they will keep for as long as ten days.

But these are all last minute measures. The real planning began twelve months before, when truckmen carted the exhibits out of that year's show.

PROFESSIONALS know within a margin of ten days exactly how long it takes each kind of plant to grow from seed to flower. They subtract that time from show time and plant seeds every day for five days before and after that date to average out their chances.

Sometimes, determined to present a new flower at a certain exhibition, they plan a timetable that telescopes three years' growth into one. When a Philadelphia seedsman (David Burpee) got his hands on a tiny packet of seed from Mexico that would produce a double nasturtium, a lovely, camel-

lia-like thing, the only one of its kind in the world, he made up his mind to introduce that flower in a dozen different colors at the next International Flower Show in New York.

To do that, he knew he had to cross it with ordinary single nasturtiums colored scarlet, primrose, cerise, lemon-yellow and mahogany, and raise three generations before he could be sure of cutting out the single flowers and getting true double nasturtiums in the colors he wanted. He hired a hundred Japanese women to act as bees and pollinate by hand 41,000 plants on his California farm.

He sent those seeds by plane and fast steamer to Miami, Puerto Rico, Argentina and Australia to catch up with summer. And eleven months later to the day, he had the grandchildren of those nasturtiums in full bloom. He won a special award.

EVEN WHEN a man has his flowers open on time, he still faces the most ticklish job of all: getting them to the show without bruising a petal.

Show flowers today travel halfway around the world to capture titles. And every flower has its own whims about traveling. African daisies, those flowers that look as though they were cut out of crepe paper in luscious bronze and apricot tints, refuse to travel lying down. If packed like that, they try so hard to push the lids off their boxes that they all get crooked necks. So they get their own way and are shipped standing up in boxes marked, "This side up." They like transparent glass containers and, coming from hot Africa, can't stand refrigerator temperatures.

Daffodils are happiest traveling with wet newspapers wrapped around their stems. Hibiscus shrubs and bougainvillea want heavy paper and burlap bundled around them when they come north from Florida. Dahlias, when cut, get so thirsty that one grower, to be particularly careful, fills toy rubber balloons with water and ties them around the base of the stems so they can drink as much as they want en route. And lilies, even on the short trip from Long Island to New York, must travel in trucks heated to greenhouse temperature by kerosene oil stoves or hot stones.

Even when the flowers reach the show hall, the dangers aren't over. Some plants just can't take the lights, heat and crowds. Morning glories can never be exhibited because they swirl their cups tight shut so fast you can see them do it the moment they feel the glare of the lights. Tulips and



dogwood come into the hall almost in bud because the growers know that under the lights they will spring into full flower by judging time at 9 A.M.

There aren't any tricks to perk up a drooping flower, either. At home you can soak one in a bathtubful of cold water for an hour. At a show, nothing can be done. For the judges can tell when a flower is not on its own—when its stem is wired to hold up its head—and the exhibitors themselves rarely try such tricks.

JUDGES AT A flower show must have the knowledge of a Burbank and the eye of an artist, for a championship title may hang on the tint of a sweet pea or the line of a gladiolus' spike.

Every flower is judged differently. A rose wins points for color, size, stem, form, substance and foliage. Sometimes it gets points for fragrance, sometimes not. It never is docked for thorns. It may win a title just because of the way its petals overlap, so close is the competition.

Daffodils must have stiff stems, coloring exactly true to the particular variety; and heads that look you in the eye instead of bending down.

Sweet peas, fragile and dainty, can't be weak or off color.

Dahlias, no matter how heavy their heads, get a big black mark for crooked necks.

And just to add to the difficulty, the judges may change the importance of different qualities from year to year and give ten points for form one year; five, the next. But they send their scale of judging to each exhibitor long before show time so he'll know how to groom his flowers.

Growers must keep in mind not only the demands of the judges, but the whims of the stars themselves. For show flowers are temperamental as all get out.

A rose bush won't put forth a champion bloom unless it is forced to put all its strength into one or two flowers. And so for every single show rose, fifty of its sisters give up their lives to the garden shears.

Carnations insist on lots of fresh air when they're growing or else refuse to last more than two days at a show. It took breeders years to discover that. Now they install special ventilators in carnation greenhouses.

PERFECT environment isn't the only requirement of a show flower, though. Heredity plays every bit as important a role. Fanciers follow the blood-lines of their favorites as enthusiastically as racing fans trace the blood-lines of Whirlaway or War Relic.

Some of the "stud" flowers are world renowned, like Ophelia. Ophelia is a light pink rose that was happily growing, unhonored and unsung, in an English greenhouse back in 1912—until two Americans saw her and brought her here. Ophelia doesn't go to flower shows any more. But her grandchildren do. They're winning honors right and left. You may know some of them—Columbia, Premier, Mme. Butterfly, Briarcliff and Better Times, named by its originator Joe Hill in 1933 when he thought the depression was over.

Show flowers carry all kinds of names—those of symphonies, baseball players, movie stars, politicians, actresses, ice skaters or anything else the originator fancies. Here's a sample: Ninth Symphony, Mrs. Roosevelt, Jane Cowl, Maribel Vinson, Satan, Mellow Pink, Jimmy Foxx, Naranja, Miss New Zealand.

Even so, the life of a show flower is short. It's a rare champion which can keep its title more than five years, for challengers are always springing up in the gardens of the originators.

These new seedlings are what interest fanciers at a flower show. Some, like the homely little blue gladiolus on which men have been working for fifty years, represent the first faltering steps towards a distant goal. Others, like the odorless marigold developed from a plant found by a missionary in Tibet, are brand new flowers, results of a "break" in the strain. And the rest are the most beautiful, the most fragrant, the biggest and the best flowers the growers can produce.

Each one of them represents incredible hours of painstaking labor. If a grower gets one success out of three thousand crosses, he thinks he's lucky. Most growers have thousands of seedlings planted in their gardens, of which most will end up in the dustbin. But once in a hundred years there will be one like Picardy.

Picardy is a showy pink gladiolus, five feet tall, champion of champions and the pride of all the growers. But it's the ruin of some of them, for, unlike most show flowers, it grows like a weed. Anyone can raise it.

Before Picardy was originated in 1931, glads sold for $3.00 to $4.00 a dozen, and wholesalers used to pocket $1.50 a dozen. Now you can walk into any florist shop and buy a dozen Picardy for $.75. And the grower only gets a quarter. Who's going to pay more for other varieties when he can get a beauty like Picardy so cheaply?

—Suggestions for further reading:

FLOWER SHOWS AND HOW TO STAGE THEM
by Adele S. Fisher $5.00
R. R. Smith, New York

GARDENING WITH THE EXPERTS
An anthology $2.50
The Macmillan Company, New York

SCIENCE IN THE GARDEN
by H. Britton Logan and Jean-Marie Putnam $2.50
Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., New York

Sign of the *Times*

"ONE DAY in the city of Bergen, Norway, a boy was calmly sitting at the curb reading the *London Times*. A German officer soon noticed the lad and the English newspaper and demanded to know where the youth had got it.

" 'Where I got it?' The boy looked amazed. 'Why I subscribe to it.' "

—JOE CONGRESS

Fiction Feature:

Roy Marlin had one little matter to take care of before he could be in his own eyes the hero the front pages proclaimed him

Rendezvous with Treason

by FREDERICK NEBEL



AT THREE in the afternoon Roy Marlin was all dressed and ready to go ashore, but the old nervousness came over him again and he sat down on the edge of the berth. Mr. Ring had said there was nothing to be afraid of, but Roy Marlin could never be sure.

When at last the paroxysm had passed, leaving him winded and flushed, he buttoned his overcoat, pulled on a pair of suede gloves and went out into the cold, gray afternoon. Descending the iron ladder from the bridge deck, he saw Callaghan, the third officer, leaning in the galley doorway. Callaghan, dressed in shore clothes, was drinking a mug of coffee.

"Pretty handsome, pretty handsome!" he observed derisively. "You know, Sparks, one big kick I get out of working in this wagon is seeing you all dolled up."

"It looks like snow," Marlin said and moved on.

He hoped Callaghan wouldn't decide to tag along after him. The third officer was an ageless little man, with small, cynical eyes set in a small, knotty face. He was not popular on

board the ship, for he had a caustic tongue.

It had occurred to Marlin once or twice before that possibly he dressed too well, considering his salary as radio operator on the *Edgeworth City*—arrived that morning from Rotterdam with a cargo of cheese and twenty-two survivors of the *Thalia*, torpedoed three hundred miles west of the Scilly Isles. But he had always dressed well. Once he had been chief radio operator on the luxury liner *Diadem*, on the South American run—before all the trouble.

At the head of the gangplank, he paused again—this time to light a cigarette.

He really didn't feel like smoking, but it offered an excuse for another pause, another hesitation. Then he cleared his throat, braced his shoulders and went down to the dock.

In the company's office, where he went for mail, excitement still lingered like coals in a grate, ready to be fanned bright again by the slightest draft. Faces beyond the worn wooden railing turned toward him; whispers, glances were exchanged. The mail clerk, Miss Frankhouse, was all wonder.

"We were scared, all right, Mr. Marlin, when that false report came in that it was the *Edgeworth City* that was torpedoed. For a whole day it was a mad-house here. The Captain was in a little while ago, and Miss Wills heard him tell Mr. Somerville what a great job you did getting your radio fixed in that awful storm and all. He had nothing but praise for you, Mr. Marlin."

Marlin smiled uneasily, said, "Well, that's nice, Miss Frankhouse," and received four letters. He turned away, shuffling the letters, seeing almost immediately that there was none from Jean.

He wondered why he always hoped there might be one. He always felt such a let-down when there wasn't.

"Oh, Mr. Marlin. I almost forgot:



Your wife, Mr. Marlin—"

His eyes searched her face. "Yes?"

"When everybody thought it was the *Edgeworth City* was torpedoed, she was in here half a dozen times. You know, looking for news. I didn't know you were married—"

He reached the street in a kind of shimmering haze. Thoughts of Jean were all around him like restless, skittering birds, and the drumming of the cold wind in his ears added to his confusion. His first impulse was to go to her, but by the time he reached the Battery he had talked himself out of doing so. He wanted to wait, to think about it. Besides, Mr. Ring would be waiting.

LEAVING THE uptown local at Sheridan Square, Marlin walked up Grove Street, turned into Waverly Place and in the middle of the block entered a four-storied, brick-front rooming house. In the vestibule, he looked at his wrist watch and pressed one of twelve brass buttons three times. When exactly forty seconds had passed, he pressed the button once. The hall door clicked open, and he climbed two staircases and slipped a plain piece of paper, folded to form a triangle, beneath a door. Almost instantly the door opened.

"You've been a long time getting here," said Mr. Ring.

"Well, I'm here."

"Obviously," Mr. Ring admitted, closing and bolting the door. "I daresay the *Edgeworth City* arrived with great fanfare."

Marlin gave him his coat and stood with his back to the fireplace. The small living room was the same as when he had last been in it: a motley of furniture, no two pieces related; an old, faded Brussels carpet; dark brown wallpaper and darker brown wooden trim. But everything was neat, just as Mr. Ring was scrupulously neat.

"You are cold," Mr. Ring said, bringing over a bottle of sherry and two glasses. "Make yourself comfortable." It was always like this, Mr. Ring being very solicitous, hurrying about on his short, quick legs. He poured two glasses of sherry, handed one to Marlin and, taking the other for himself, sat down on a straight-backed chair. In appearance he was unimpressive, looking rather like a small-town shopkeeper; his plain, simply cut clothes carried out the motif of his plain, broad, not unpleasant face. There was a definite solidity about him, an engaging air of resourcefulness. He raised his glass. "To success!"

Marlin drank.

"Well," Mr. Ring said, quite cheerful, "and how was Rotterdam?"

Marlin reached into his pocket, drew out a letter and tossed it across the intervening space into Mr. Ring's hand.

"Your Rotterdam agent was picked up an hour after he gave me that," he said abruptly.

Mr. Ring stopped in his tracks, his eyes locking sharply with Marlin's for a brief, taut instant. Then he looked up speculatively. "I wonder that you didn't get rid of the envelope."

"Don't think I wasn't tempted," Marlin said. "I had twenty-one days to wonder if he'd squealed and if I'd be picked up here in New York."

Mr. Ring was amused now; almost jolly. "You had twenty-one days during which to throw it overboard."

Marlin scowled. "I guess I wanted to finish something I'd started."

"Of course," Mr. Ring said, still amused. He went to the desk, unlocked a drawer and took out a packet of bills. Counting out two hundred dollars, in tens and twenties, he said jovially, "Of course, this lay somewhere in the balance too. No?" He chuckled. "After all, one must live." He held out the money.

Marlin scooped up his overcoat. "I don't want it," he said grimly, and strode to the door.

For a man of his build Mr. Ring's agility was amazing. His hand was the first to close over the knob. Honest bewilderment lay wide-open on his face. "Please, a minute!"

"I tell you I don't want it."

Mr. Ring took hold of his arms, pressed them gently. "My dear young man, of course you're overwrought. But I earnestly wish you would not rush away in this state of mind. Very well, you don't wish to accept the money; so, I put it away. There, it is put away and I promise not to offer it to you again. Come, have another glass of sherry, then go and get a good rest." His smile was sympathetic, his voice persuasive.

Marlin's voice was thick. "All right, just one."

Perspiration had come out warm



and humid all over Marlin's body. He took the glass of sherry from Mr. Ring and stared dark-eyed and fretful at the fireplace. He was afraid, but his fear was in no sense physical. Tangible things he had never feared. When that monstrous wave crashed over the *Edgeworth City*, just after they had received the *Thalia's* SOS, and put his radio out of commission, he had not been afraid. He had, on the other end, experienced a fierce and all-consuming anger. He had made his repairs under the most difficult circumstances and, at the risk of his life, reestablished communication with the *Thalia*. The *Edgeworth City* had reached her just as she went under.

"Of course," Mr. Ring was saying confidentially, "this money is not really worth the risk. I don't mind telling you that."

Marlin drank some sherry, hardly aware that Mr. Ring had spoken.

"I had, as a matter of fact, other plans for you," Mr. Ring pursued in an offhand tone. "As everyone knows,



"I saw you under the street light."

they have armed some of their fast express liners and are getting them past our submarines with the utmost ease. It is also common knowledge that our cruisers cannot be everywhere at once."

Marlin, feeling drowsy and dead tired, leaned his head back and closed his eyes.

"Now I happen to know that the *Edgeworth City*, despite all you may hear or read to the contrary, leaves just one week hence. The law of averages leads us to believe that at least one, probably two, of the express liners I mentioned will be in transit during your voyage across. You will doubtless sight them. You will be supplied with code and, on a given wave length, inform one of our sea raiders. In the event of success, you will be paid by the ton destroyed—one hundred dollars a thousand tons. The *Hermaic*, for instance, would net twenty-five hundred dollars. Or, suppose you sighted both the *Hermaic* and the *Cedric*—"

"Suppose," said Marlin, rising, "I went down to the river and jumped in." He strode to the door, bitter-lipped.

Mr. Ring put a hand on his shoulder, pressed it reassuringly. "Very well, sir. We will put that away, then; we will put it on file. But will you do me a small, personal favor, Mr. Marlin?"

"What?" Marlin muttered.

"Enjoy this night. Find a pretty girl, take her dancing, make love to her. Relax, man! In heaven's name, relax! Here," he said, thrusting the packet of bills into Marlin's pocket, "the risk you ran is surely worth a little fun." He unbolted the door. "Come back when you have rested."

IT WAS seven o'clock before Marlin stood in front of Jean's door, and even now he had hesitated.

Jean opened the door and said, "Hello, Roy. Come in." Her gaze slid down across his face, a gray smile twisted her lips a little.

"Hello, Jean," he said. "Seems like you expected me." Closing the door, he stood before it, hat in hand.

She said, "I was sitting in the dark by the window. I saw you under the street light across the way. You paced up and down for about ten minutes. How are you?"

"I'm all right," he said, and made it sound good. "You're looking fine, Jean. Your hair's made up different, is all."

She touched her hair lightly with her fingers. "I—you look a little thinner, paler. You—you must have had a frightful voyage."

"On our beam ends all the way."

She was flipping the edges of a newspaper which lay on the table. "They say nice things about you."

"Do they? I haven't seen a paper yet."

He went over to the table, moving slowly, not quite sure of himself. It was strange, the way he wanted, all at once, to see something good about himself. He picked up the newspaper —and read under the sub-head: *Heroism of Radio Operator Makes Rescue Possible.* He felt a warm, small-boy lump in his throat.

"This guy sure wrote in the heat of something," he said, finally.

"It must make you feel good inside," she said.

He sat down at the other end of the room. Their eyes kept shying away from each other, and he knew the wall was still there between them. He felt a little ashamed of the story in the newspaper. They didn't know—nobody knew—what he was really like inside. They didn't know, for instance, what had happened to him during the past year. They didn't know about that night, over a year ago, when a steward he had known on the Rio run lugged him to a rooming house, blind drunk, almost penniless, and bought him breakfast next morning. They didn't know about the meeting, two weeks later, with Mr. Ring. Having lost his job, his wife, his self-respect, it had not been difficult to accept Mr. Ring's offer.

"Well—" He stood up, staring down into his hat, bending the brim up and down. His eyes stole up at her, standing there, the light from the bridge lamp shining on her smooth brown hair. "I — I wouldn't have come," he said, "if they hadn't told me at the office you'd been around. They said—" He stopped, for she had turned away.

"Not that I didn't want to," he blundered on. "But the other times, when I phoned, and you wouldn't see me—" His voice dropped suddenly, like a kite deserted by the wind. How could he make her believe that if she would take him back—love him again—he would be able to rid himself of the influence of Mr. Ring? He was all tied up inside—unable to break down and beg for mercy.

"You—you want me to go?"

She nodded slowly. "Yes."

He went to the door, put on his hat. "Well, thanks," he said, "for asking about me at the office." Then he went out into the darkness.



MAGIRNEY'S, on Eighth Avenue, was a hang-out for steamship men. A big, noisy place, it had a long, dark bar, many mirrors and an impressive array of decorative bottles. Marlin wandered in about eight and ordered beer.

"Well, well, well," he heard Callaghan say. "Fancy seeing you here!"

"Fancy," said Marlin, and cracked a pretzel between his teeth.

Callaghan gripped the bar with both hands and said, "Bartender, a beer." He confided to Marlin: "Pretty soon, pal, I'll be afloat. Whenever I go ashore, I worry whether it costs more to get tight on liquor or beer. What do you think?"

"I don't know."

"I know. You think I'm tight. Well, I have a right to be tight. Twenty-one days at sea in a bathtub, a man has a God-given right to get stinko. Hey, Sparksie, why don't you ever get tight?"

"I get tight."

Callaghan laughed. "Yes, you do! Listen, I know you. You're one of these lone wolves. Or maybe you think you're too good to hang around with ordinary sailors."

"Oh, sure."

Callaghan slapped him on the arm. "I was only kidding. What gets me is what a smart lad like you is doing on a stinking wagon like the *Edgeworth City*. You ought to be in the fancy passenger trade. Man alive, I can just see you in one of those fancy uniforms, knocking the girls for a loop!"

Marlin said ironically, "Is that all you think about, girls?"

"Practically. What's better to think about?"

That had been Marlin's trouble. He really had cut quite a figure on the *Diadem*—the crisp white uniform, the white shoes with never a speck on them. And all the girls in their flowered dresses—the soft tropic nights—the champagne. Well, it was the champagne—partly. And then the woman, Mrs. Granchester; and making love to her for the hell of it. Granchester had come upon them in the shadow of a life-boat; struck him a terriffic blow, lost his balance and gone overside from the boat deck. Then the woman's scream, a sound he would never forget. And then he too had gone overside, diving after Granchester. A ship's boat had picked them up; and Granchester, in his vindictive fury, had charged Marlin with having knocked him overboard . . .



"Let's go some place else," Callaghan was saying in a raucous voice. "I don't like it here. I don't



"You're slipping, babe," Callaghan said.

like that lousy bartender's fat, ignorant, self-satisfied, medium-rare face."

The bartender grinned maliciously. "I ain't trun a guy out of here in a long time, sailor."

"You're slipping, babe," Callaghan said, screwing up his small, knotty face.

Marlin said, "Come on," paid for the beers and guided Callaghan out into the street. He knew he was going to have Callaghan on his hands, and he resented it. He was annoyed—as he had been annoyed on other occasions—by the way Callaghan insisted on tagging along with him whenever they were in port.

"Let's go to a quiet place," Callaghan said, linking his arm in Marlin's. "My old pal!"

They entered a bar farther down the avenue and found an empty booth. Callaghan laid his head on the table and went to sleep. Marlin, gazing at the coarse, straw-colored hair on the third-officer's head, reflected that he had never seen Callaghan in the company of the other officers; probably because he was a nuisance, with his drinking, his curious belligerent interludes. Slowly, a mordant smile appeared on his lips. He was beginning to understand now; he was Callaghan's last choice. A wave of revulsion swept over him.

He stood up and walked out of the bar, but as he reached the street Callaghan came loping after him, whining, "Hey, wait for me, pal! Where we going?"

Marlin made no answer, for he did

not know. But as he walked there was a strange resurgence going on in his blood, and in his muscles he felt a growing renascence. He was more curious than confused. It was as if he were listening to voices, straining his ears to catch what they said. And he thought he heard music. And then, all at once, he knew what he wanted to do. Stopping suddenly, he threw off Callaghan's arm.

"I've got a date. Beat it out of here!"

" 's what I thought," chirped Callaghan. "Well, we're pals, so we both got a date."

Frederick Nebel, born thirty-eight years ago at Staten Island, New York, worked on railroads and the waterfront before he turned to writing. He likes to breakfast alone, follows rigidly a daily schedule of reading, walking and writing. His stories have appeared in Collier's, American and the Sat. Eve. Post.

Marlin walked faster, but Callaghan was there at his heels, tumbling blithely along, chuckling.

"You can't keep this stuff to yourself forever, Sparksie. No, sir! Share and share alike, you old son-of-a-gun of a lone wolf, you!"

Marlin reached Waverly Place and, entering the vestibule of the brick-front house, found Callaghan stumbling around beside him.

"Look, let me ring the bell," Callaghan urged drunkenly. "I love to ring doorbells. Used to ring 'em all the time—"

"Get out of the way!"

Marlin pressed the button three times, waited forty seconds, and pressed it once. The door opened and he turned around and gave Callaghan a shove.

"Beat it, will you!" he said angrily.

Callaghan sat down disconsolately on the vestibule floor, and Marlin ran up the two flights of stairs. Mr. Ring, in pajamas and dressing gown, let him in.

"YOU ARE out of breath," he said, sharply. "Is anything wrong?"

"No," said Marlin, trying to regulate his breathing, "nothing is wrong. Nothing is wrong because everything is right. We're through, Mr. Ring. Finished. Washed up." He flung the money on the desk.

Mr. Ring lowered his eyes and appeared to consider this for a moment. "Well, sir, that is indeed interesting," he said, and walked across the room to the sideboard. "It stays cold. I was just about to drink a little sherry before retiring. Join me."

Marlin followed him to the sideboard, stood beside him. "You understand me, don't you?" he said in a heavy, breathless voice. "I said I was through. I want to be able to look men straight in the eye again. Did you see the papers tonight? I'm a hero. You can't imagine how it made me feel to read about what the people think of me. When the survivors of the *Thalia* left the ship this morning, each man shook my hand and thanked me for what I did. Do you understand, Mr. Ring? On this voyage, I helped save twenty-two lives! Do you understand that, Mr. Ring?" he demanded furiously.

Mr. Ring said, "Try this sherry. I just opened it."

"I'm through, through!" Marlin

shouted, ignoring the sherry. He lunged to the door and threw back the bolt. "Wait!" Mr. Ring's voice was like the crack of a whip.

Marlin looked at him. Mr. Ring was holding an automatic pistol in his hand.

"Yes," said Mr. Ring, without passion. "I believe you are through. Stand away from the door. Quick. Don't argue."

"Look—" Marlin put his hand out.

"Don't argue. Stand away, I tell you. Yes, you are through. For us—and for yourself. I suspected it this afternoon a little bit, but assumed that you were overwrought. That happens to the best of us at times. But now I see what you mean. We can do nothing with a man's conscience, Mr. Marlin. Except snuff it out. Be careful!" he warned, when Marlin moved toward him. "Get over by the fireplace—Quickly, now!" He reached for the bolt.

The door was flung open, knocking down Mr. Ring's arm, spinning him halfway around. Then Callaghan was up close to him, pressing a gun hard against Mr. Ring's round, hard paunch. Callaghan's foxlike face was knotted tightly, his shoebutton eyes were sharp and clear and deadly. He was anything but drunk.

"Drop it," he said through tight lips.

Mr. Ring dropped his automatic pistol. He glanced at Marlin, saw the consternation in his face, and looked back at Callaghan. Mr. Ring's face was slowly turning gray.

Callaghan said, "You forgot to close the door all the way downstairs, Sparksie. I've had one hell of a time trailing you to this guy."

Mr. Ring said desolately, "An agent."

"Sure," said Callaghan. "An agent. Not a stooge like our young friend here. I trailed him to your Rotterdam agent too. Too easy. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Ring."

Marlin still held his hands up. He felt his face and neck burn with embarrassment.

"Incidentally," said Callaghan. "I guess I saved your life, Sparksie. Okay—you're a good kid—just got off on the wrong track." He jerked his chin. "Now take a powder. Get out. I've got important work to do here."



Callaghan pressed the gun hard against him.

Marlin moved slowly toward the door. He looked at Mr. Ring's face, gray and shiny like putty now. There was sweat, too, on Callaghan's face, and a look in his eyes that Marlin did not like to see—a look of desperate resolve.

"Don't be surprised," Callaghan said, "if you don't see me on the ship again. And don't go around asking questions. I'll be all right. And stick to your wireless key. And see your wife. And look out for dames like the one on the *Diadem*. I know all about you. Go ahead. Beat it."

WHEN HE REACHED Jean's door, Roy Marlin put his finger on the bell button and pressed it again and again, insistently.

He saw her frightened, wide-eyed face as the door opened. Rushing in, he kicked the door shut and grasped her arms and stared fiercely into her eyes. He was breathless and shaking with the revelation that had come over him, making all things clear.

"Jean," he said, his voice hoarse and muted with wonder, "I missed being killed, murdered—I missed by a hair . . ."

Her lower lip quivered. "Roy, what are you saying?"

"Don't stop me. Don't interrupt me. But believe me, darling. I thought I'd never see you again. I thought I'd die without telling you that I was wrong—wrong about everything. I never admitted that, did I? I tried to worm out of it, didn't I? I really never said I was sorry—never asked you to forgive me. Baby, I love you. So help me, I love you. I was wrong and rotten, and I can't get over you. I couldn't ever get over you—"

Tears came into her eyes and suddenly she thrust her face against his chest and whimpered, "Oh, why didn't you say this before? Why all these long days and empty nights? When they said your ship went down, I was in agony. And when I let you go away this evening, it almost killed me. I wanted to give in but I couldn't —I couldn't. And that was wrong—that was wrong too!" She clung desperately to him.

He couldn't do anything but hold her and reassure her with the pressure of his arms. For himself, he needed no reassurance. He had found his answer within himself; and because he had been weak, bewildered, stupid, arrogant, he was able to appreciate, now, the limitless feeling of strength that flowed through him like a deep river.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ED VEBELL

Merchant Magic



"The customer is always right . . ." but how to get the customer? Some businessmen found the answer in surprising ways

• • • A new wrinkle in advertising brought a new tinkle to the cash register of Krauss Co., New Orleans. With disarming frankness the owner declared he was running a sale because he was "so sick of the merchandise he wants to sell it at any price."

"Women's Hats, 33 cents. It's probably the worst assortment of hats you ever saw," the copy ran. "Pictures at half price. If you have a bad spot on your wall or want to chase that guest away—what are you waiting for?"



• • • After delivering a speech at the Milwaukee State Fair in 1859, Abraham Lincoln visited the sideshows. Business had been extremely bad at the tent containing "the wonder of wonders—a two-headed, six-legged calf." The clever barker, seeing Lincoln enter his tent, immediately stopped extolling the wonders of his fake calf and took up a new refrain.

"Step right up, folks," he bawled. "Just ten cents, one thin dime to see Abe Lincoln on the inside of this tent. Step right up for the greatest attraction on the grounds—Abe Lincoln in the flesh for only ten cents." In a short time the tent was packed.



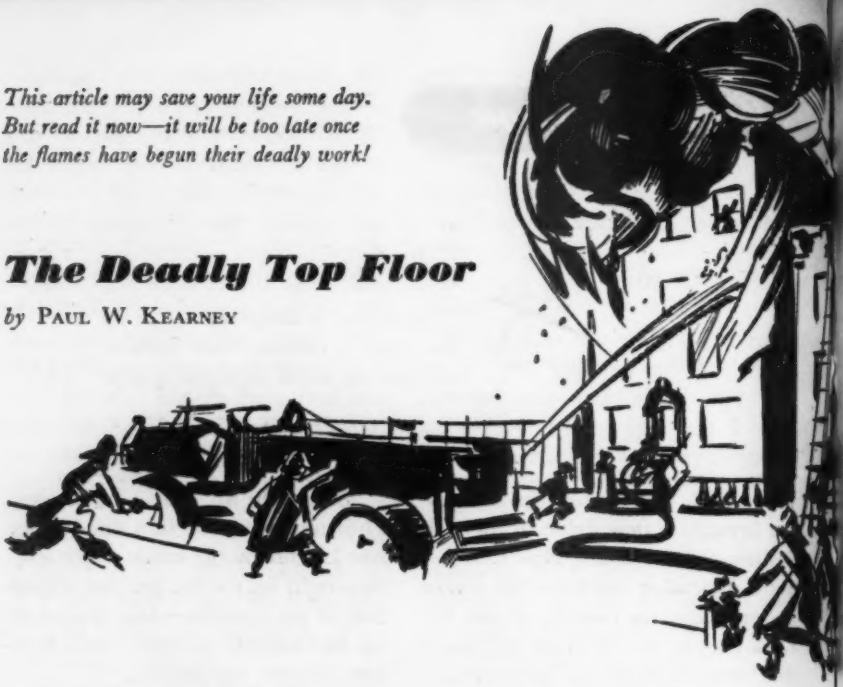
• • • A none too prosperous London clergyman reluctantly accepted the offer of a commercial firm to supply his congregation with free books containing the standard psalms, with the stipulation that a little advertising might be injected. When the books arrived, the minister, to his great joy, found no advertising matter at all. But on the following Sunday he was horrified to hear his flock burst into the following hymn:

Hark! The herald angels sing,
Beecham's Pills are just the thing;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
Two for man and one for child.

This article may save your life some day. But read it now—it will be too late once the flames have begun their deadly work!

The Deadly Top Floor

by PAUL W. KEARNEY



LAST DECEMBER a fond father rigged up a very elaborate miniature railroad system at the base of the Christmas tree for the kids. He was so pleased with his handiwork that he brought home a couple of fellows from the office to see it one evening. But as the trio played with and admired the electric trains, a short circuit suddenly threw a shower of sparks across the cotton batten snow. In a jiffy the tree was ablaze.

With rare presence of mind, one of the group yanked the rug off the floor and heaved it around the tree, knocking it over and effectively smothering the flames. Apart from some smoked paint on the ceiling and a few slightly scorched hands there was no real damage, and the householder congratulated himself on a narrow escape from a possible tragedy. Then, about an hour later, his wife went upstairs to see if the baby was still asleep.

It was asleep—for good. And the examiner's subsequent autopsy indicated that it had died from the combustion gases generated by that brief but furious blaze in the Christmas tree. Sweeping into the hall, those superheated gases went up the stairwell and into the infant's room through the open door.

To the civilian this reads like a macabre Ripley anecdote, but to the firemen it's an old, old story—the story behind three-quarters of all our residential fire fatalities. In New York a woman telephoned to report a fire in her own house. When the

firemen arrived she was dead—from fumes. In California an early morning blaze razed a dwelling. In the ruins were found two beds with four bodies in them, lying just as they had slept although the mattresses and bed clothing had been consumed.

In Ohio a housewife undertook to speed up a sluggish kitchen fire with kerosene, causing an explosion which set the whole room ablaze. Miraculously unhurt by the blast, she bethought herself of her baby asleep in his crib on the second floor and dashed upstairs to save him. Neighbors, seeing the blaze, turned in an alarm. But although the outbreak hadn't advanced beyond the kitchen by the time the firemen arrived, they found the mother and her child dead in the upper hall—from the fire which had exploded around the woman's ears without hurting her!

HAPPENING, as it does, three or four thousand times every year—in tenements and in mansions, in two-story dwellings and even in fireproof buildings where people die five, seven, ten floors above the blaze—this story merits periodic review. Obviously, few people know how to get out of their own homes in case of fire. Even the bulk of those who do escape succeed through good luck.

The underlying principle, of course, is that heat rises. And since the rising heat from a going blaze rates about one thousand degrees Fahrenheit, it is obvious that one or two whiffs will drop you like a rifle bullet. To make matters worse, however, this superheated rising air contains various deadly gases from the burning materials. Numerous tests of burning wood, woolens, silk or cotton, show dangerous concentrations of carbon dioxide, carbon monoxide, hydrogen sulphide and hydrocyanic acid gas. The latter is the one used in the execution chambers of several states.

Thus we begin to see how some people can die in bed without ever knowing that the house is on fire; how others, wide awake at the time, are found dead in rocking chairs or at writing desks a floor or more above the outbreak; how still others, dozing off while smoking in bed or on a divan, are asphyxiated by the fumes from smoldering bedclothes or upholstery.

These things appreciated, the business of escaping from a burning house involves something more than merely dashing down the stairs. Most of us sleep upstairs, and most residential fires seem to originate downstairs.

Thus it is clear that most of us live in fire-traps which are made more hazardous by our own ignorance. The

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Ten years ago Paul W. Kearney went to the Chief of the New York Fire Department with a simple question: "How much does it cost to fight a fire?" The answer has resulted in two books and more than two hundred magazine articles on fire control and prevention. An honorary life member of the International Association of Fire Chiefs, he not only rolls to all the big blazes, but visits the ruins some days later to study the causes, effects and behavior of fire. Kearney smokes two packs of cigarettes a day, but thinks that people who smoke in bed are fools; he says he is not ashamed to insist that he be given a room near a fire exit when he stops in a hotel.

most likely victims are those who customarily sleep with their bedroom doors open—a reasonable enough procedure in the summer time but potentially dangerous in the winter when most fatal dwelling fires occur.

Even with your bedroom door closed, however, you are still on the spot when a fire occurs—unless you know how to open that door—and when not to open it.

Here is the proper technique:

1. First put the palm of your hand on the door panel. If it is *not* hot, scram—pausing only long enough to close the door behind you so as not to create any additional draft.

2. IF THE DOOR IS HOT, don't open it under any circumstances. It is too late: the hall is already flooded with super-heated gases, and your chances of escape that way are about nil. Your best choice is:

   a. Escape by a secondary exit such as a back stairs (not connected with the main hall) or out the window to the porch roof—if any.

   b. If neither alternative exists, then you can either drop out of the window if it isn't too far—or yell for help and wait to be rescued. Nine times out of ten the latter suffices. That closed door behind you will stand off the heat for a considerable time. In cases where people have leaped out of fourth or fifth floor windows, they've left the door open and the withering heat has gotten beyond human endurance.

EVEN WHEN a door in a burning building isn't uncomfortably hot to the touch, opening it safely requires some judgment. The best method is to brace one hip against it and place one hand over the crack at the door jamb up over your head. Then, grasping the knob with your other hand, open the door only an inch or two —*and pause*.

If there is any pressure against the door—or if the inrush of air against your upper hand is uncomfortably hot—slam the door shut again and either make for your secondary exit or holler for help from the window. That pressure will come from an accumulation of pent-up gases in the hall, and if you're not braced for it, it can very readily bowl you over. In severe cases it has resulted in the so-called "smoke explosion" which occurs when fresh oxygen meets an abundance of combustion gases.

These repeated references to a "secondary exit" naturally imply that you know about this means of egress beforehand and don't have to hunt for it in the crisis. Time and again firemen find bodies in closets because those people, in the excitement of the moment, got confused in their own homes and opened the wrong door.

While you're thinking about it, you might consider the logic of installing some kind of an inexpensive automatic alarm in the upper hall which will warn you of the approach of a dangerous heat in ample time to get you out without blistering your feet on the stairs. There are a number on the market which will operate if the temperature reaches, say, 135 degrees—or if it rises twenty degrees within two minutes—both conditions

being definitely abnormal.

Much of these same principles, of course, apply to getting out of a public building in case of fire, especially a hotel. Here the business of surveying the layout on arrival and picking out a secondary exit (independent of the main hall or stairway) in advance is trebly important, because now you are a cat in a strange garret. Very few hotel guests ever do this—with the result that when there is a fire, everybody piles out by the main stairway. Yet this is invariably the flue that is feeding the upper floor with lethal heat.

The value of these general principles has been demonstrated many times in ten years' study of the behavior of fire and its victims, usually with negative evidence. Not long ago, however, the positive side of the picture was explored by a friend of mine who happened to be holding a sales meeting in a Jersey City hotel when a blaze swept through that fireproof building in broad daylight and took four or five lives.

When they smelled the smoke and realized that something was up, one member of the group dashed for the door. Recalling my repeated talks along this line, my friend stopped him, hurried over and felt the door panel which proved to be very hot. Leaving the door closed, therefore, they waited until the firemen raised a ladder and took them out of the window to an adjoining roof.

Two other people on that floor didn't wait—and died—three stories above the floor that was on fire!

After Dinner Speech

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, dining one day with friends, found himself becoming more and more interested in the stranger seated next to him.

This man listened to the comments of others in absorbed silence; nodded appreciatively from time to time at some unexpected witticism or *bon mot;* and by his dignified demeanor gave to the conversational interplay about him an admirable background. Much impressed, the author of *Kubla Khan* and *The Ancient Mariner* murmured to himself: "This man is a true philosopher."

Just then appeared on the table a dish of apple dumplings. The stranger's eye fell on them; at once his face lighted up, and his hands rubbed together in glee.

For the first time breaking his impressive silence, and to Coleridge's complete consternation, he exclaimed: "Them's the jockeys for me!"

—L. R. ALWOOD

It's like some sorcerer's magic lantern—this powerful new weapon scientists will use in their fight against invisible enemies of mankind



Infinity in Reverse

by MICHAEL EVANS

THE MAN IN WHITE held the little cartridge in his tweezers, opened the tiny vault door and locked it in the chamber. Then he turned the rheostat knob and fiddled with the adjustments, using the delicate vernier controls. A low electrical hum became audible in the room. He adjusted the eyepiece and focussed his eyes sharply. There before his eyes lay the fat molecule, clear and sharp as a bag of potatoes on a loading platform and just as crowded with tiny atoms.

The man smiled. There it was—the carbon-hydrogen molecule with the atoms neatly placed just as the theoretical illustrations in the textbooks always had said it would look if men could only see it.

See atoms? Yes! Not today, perhaps, but surely tomorrow.

Science has done it again. It has worked a miracle. It is gazing at the unseeable, photographing the invisible, snapping candid camera shots —almost—of infinity. But then—scientists have been doing the impossible for so long that the world has become slightly blasé.

Yet this magician's trick has even the most sophisticated standing on their ears. It's black magic. It's sorcerer's stuff. Everyone knows that some things are so small they can't be seen, even with the most powerful microscopes. Everyone knows there are viruses so small they slip right through porcelain filters and can't be trapped. Everyone knows that molecules and atoms are so infinitesimally small that you can only theorize about them and prove their presence by chemical tricks.

Oh, yeah?

Science has done the impossible again. It has invented a new microscope which sees by electricity instead of light.

That takes some explanation.

Let's go back 250 years and see why. At that time a Dutchman named

Anthony van Leeuwenhoek built the first microscope ever constructed. With it he looked at a drop of blood and saw the red corpuscles. Nobody had ever seen them. Nobody knew why blood was red. And nobody suspected blood was made up of a lot of little particles. That was the start of the microscope and of modern medicine.

However, it was also the finish of the microscope until a couple of years ago. That is, there were no fundamental changes in the principle of the optical microscope from Van Leeuwenhoek's day to this.

Of course, we build much fancier microscopes today than the old Dutchman dreamed of. We see things smaller than he ever imagined existed. The best of these instruments will bring into focus flyspecks so small that you could put 5,000 of 'em on the blunt point of a lead pencil.

THAT'S PRETTY small. But not for the scientists. The bacteriologists complained that their microscopes wouldn't begin to show half the disease germs they wanted to see. They couldn't peek at the common cold germ, couldn't see the scarlet fever bug. They didn't know what the deadly pest that causes infantile paralysis looked like.

Moreover, the chemists had headaches just as bad, or worse. They had a whole encyclopedia full of theories as to what molecules looked like, how they behaved and what atoms fitted into each molecule. But they couldn't prove their ideas—because microscopes weren't good enough.

The scientist was like a near-sighted man looking at a lady undressing in the window across the street. He knew that something was going on but he couldn't be sure what.

The worst of it was that the physicists—men like Einstein—said there wasn't any hope of building microscopes that would see further. The Einsteins explained that no matter how big a lens you put into the microscope, it never would perceive anything smaller than half the length of a light wave. And microscope builders had to admit they were right.

For a while it looked as though Science never would get to see those tiny bugs and molecules.

Then somebody had a clever idea. Why not try ultra violet rays in a microscope instead of using ordinary light?

The ultra violet ray is a pigmy compared with ordinary light waves. It is only half as long as the waves of that sunlight which slants through your window in late afternoon. Using ultra violet, the scientists could see objects so small that you could put 10,000 of 'em on that blunt pencil point.

But was Science satisfied? No.

Science wanted a microscope that could see things 200 times smaller than the ultra violet machine. With such a microscope they could see atoms—those minuscule bricks of which the universe is built. If they could see those building bricks, they would have, after centuries, a modern realization of the dream of the alchemists—a chance to make gold out of lead,

diamonds out of coal and—what is a lot more important in this day and age—a chance to make better steel, stronger cement, finer and lighter airplane alloys, stronger rayon for your stockings, better paint for your house.

Such a microscope would give the bacteriologists an opportunity to see and study the viruses. The virus is the smallest living substance. It is also the most deadly.

THIS WAS THE state of affairs in 1925 when some physicists of the Bell Telephone Laboratories proved by experiment that electrons travel in waves, just like light and, in fact, behave much like a kind of invisible light.

That 1925 experiment was nothing that would knock you or me out of our chairs. But it was headline stuff on the science front. Here's why. Electron waves are anywhere up to 1,200 times smaller than ultra violet waves, depending on how much electric current you put behind them. If you turn on a million volts of juice, you get a wave 1,200 times smaller than ultra violet.

Figures like that are too small to mean anything to us. But to scientists they meant that the electron wave could be used to "see" any particle of matter down to considerably less than atom size.

When this discovery came in, the scientists didn't know enough about electrons to harness them to a microscope. They were like a man equipped with all the delicate tools to engrave the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin. They knew what they wanted to do and how to go about it, but they needed time to acquire skill in handling the tools.

Today they are getting there. An assembly line in a factory down at Camden, New Jersey, is turning out electron microscopes which magnify objects from 10,000 to 30,000 times and take pictures so clear they can be enlarged to 100,000 to 200,000 times life-size. And out in California, Stanford University is starting work on a super-microscope with which magnifications of 100,000 diameters are expected. That would mean photographic enlargements up to one million times natural size—enough to make a strand from Betty Grable's blonde tresses look like the Empire State tower.

Now this is big stuff.

WHEN LISTER discovered antisepsis, he paved the way for modern surgery. That was a dramatic discovery. And so was the discovery of sulfanilimide. It put into the hands of the doctor a chemical of almost magic powers in its ability to kill infections of the human body.

But the electron microscope should prove even more dramatic. It may—ultimately—give medicine a final victory over all germs, all microbes, all viruses. It may give the plant specialists a victory over the diseases which rob our farms of millions of dollars, the plagues which bring poverty and starvation to vast regions of the earth each year.

For the first time bacteriologists

have put their eyes to the microscope and seen the deadly organisms which cause diphtheria, whooping cough and the dread hemolytic streptococcus which breaks down red blood corpuscles.

So what? Simply this—up to this moment doctors have been fighting these diseases blindfolded. They knew what germs caused them. They knew, in a general way, how the germs behaved. They could study the germs in mass and kill them in mass—but they could not see them. The doctor was like an aviator flying high over a battlefield black with men. He could see the black mass of men but he could not see the individuals. He knew that if he dropped a bomb he would kill many of them. But he could tell nothing about the individual man from a height of 10,000 feet or more.

That, roughly, has been the situation of the doctor fighting these tiny germs.

For example, one of the first things the scientists did with their new instrument was to put under its magic eye half a dozen types of hitherto invisible cocci and bacilli. Cocci and bacilli are varieties of germs.

To their amazement the scientists found that these germs are surrounded by a tough outer shell, a sort of fatty layer that protects the inner protoplasm like armor. That was an important discovery. It was the clue to why these particular germs—among them typhoid, pneumonia and streptococcus—were such tough customers for the body to handle. The germs stayed alive and healthy within the body despite the best efforts of the white blood corpuscles to kill them off.

Thus the scientists knew if they found a solution which dissolved the fat, the delicate inner germ would quickly die. They knew, for instance, that it must be the dissolving power of the sulfa drug which killed the pneumonia bugs so quickly.

The scientists made another discovery. They found that some germs are equipped with long cat's whisker arms which enable them to swim about much like tadpoles. This gave them an idea why some infections travel through the body like wildfire while others stay just as localized as a sore toe.



WITH THESE new instruments the scientists are rapidly compiling a new rogue's gallery — of germs and microbes which have always been cloaked in invisibility. They are fingerprinting them for reference. Already molecules have been seen and their pictures, enlarged 200,000 times, flashed on a motion picture screen. The atom, too, is well within the theoretical range of the present electron microscope—and may be seen when the instrument being built at Stanford is completed.

The fact is that the present instruments probably compare with those of the future as old Van Leeuwenhoek's

crude lens compares with the modern optical microscope.

The electron microscope is so powerful that it is no small trick to focus the electronic lens on the tiny spot you wish to see. Move your object one ten-thousandth of an inch on the suspension spot, and you get a shift of three inches on the viewing screen.

There are other difficulties. The new microscope works in a vacuum because air molecules distort the electron rays the way raindrops on a windshield twist your view.

Another drawback is the fact that the electron stream acts as a death ray. It kills the specimen you are examining—which means that living, moving organisms cannot be observed.

But these problems will be solved eventually—just as countless obstacles have already been overcome in forging links in the chain of present achievement. Leave that to Science. Science has a way, you may be sure.

Come to think of it, it's a pretty long and sturdy chain that Science has forged already in developing this microscope which sees beyond the naked eye—into infinity. Beginning, properly enough, with the discovery of the electron, it stretches clear to the big factory in New Jersey, where electron microscopes are today being turned out on an assembly-line basis.

Nor is this most recent achievement the smallest in the chain. After all, not until the new electron microscope is placed in the hands of *many* research students, will the floodtide of medical discovery be fully realized.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

NEW WORLDS IN SCIENCE
Edited by Harold Ward $3.50
Robert M. McBride & Co., New York

THE ADVANCING FRONT OF MEDICINE
by George W. Gray $3.00
Whittlesey House, New York

Knacks of Nature

THE PERUVIAN LLAMA has a unique way of showing dislike for its rider. Stopping dead in its tracks, the animal twists its head around and ejects with considerable force and excellent aim a portion of its malodorous saliva. It can squirt a charge with the force of a garden hose.

IN TOKYO, more than 1,000 snakes are eaten daily. The city has more than one hundred retail snake stores, one of which handles about 100,000 snakes a year and keeps a live stock of about 10,000. Though laws forbid the sale of snakes for medicinal purposes, the populace consider baked snake a cure for TB, rheumatism and cancer. —KERMIT RAYBORN

Carleton Smith's Corner



A report from a strictly neutral observer on who is doing what in the realm of the very lively arts

Coronets:

• • • To 41-year-old Ethel Waters, conjurer of real stage magic, simple, devout, unspoiled, most natural and gifted actress of our day . . . to Orson Welles for his current radio series: fresh, original in approach and choice of material, it packs the most exhilarating wallops in the ether.

To Mozart's *E flat* ("*Jupiter*") *Symphony* conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham (Columbia Album 456): Mozart and Beecham at their best . . . to Dorothy Baruch for serving cocktails at a Parent-Teachers meeting . . . to Fitzroy Davis for *Quicksilver: A Story of the Theater*, the tale of a road company on tour, the spiciest, bawdiest, next-thing-to-libel that has appeared.

Ho-Hums:

• • • To the Office of Emergency Management's radio transcriptions, *You Can't Do Business with Hitler.* You can't, but these would never convince you . . . to the sensations you get on a San Francisco cable car . . . to Kurt Jooss for *Chronica*, his ballet dealing with the prelude and possible finale of World War II: it tells a story with realism and melodramatics, but comes off second-best as ballet.

Thorns:

• • • To José Iturbi's Victor recording of Beethoven's *Third Piano Concerto:* showy, exaggerated and inadequate . . . to *Two-faced Woman*, which would be convincing if script writers and director had entered into the spirit of the farce with as much enthusiasm, lack of self-consciousness and abandon as Miss Garbo . . . to rabble-rousing Archbishop Francis Beckman for putting religion into politics and flinging rabid invective at the President and the Government of the United States . . . to M-G-M for filing instead of filming *It Can't Happen Here.*

To USO for petty quarreling, for

shirking its job and leaving our soldiers without entertainment . . . to film critics for never crediting writers . . . to drugless drug stores.

Chinalogue:

• • • The Wongs are the Smiths of China . . . the Changs, the Joneses . . . and the Kungs, the Roosevelts

Mickey Mouse is their most popular movie actor . . . There are no blondes, no blue eyes . . . Chinese find a rabbit in the moon . . . The dragon symbolizes the Emperor . . . the phoenix, the Empress . . . Best food is to be had in Peking.

Statistics Show:

• • • So many women are getting bald that by 1962 there will be as many bald females as males . . . The road has twice as many shows this season as last . . . For the first time in history, the United States is self-sufficient in the production of cigarette paper . . . Gene Raymond is the only man in pictures with genuine platinum blond hair.

Warner Brothers have received over a thousand offers from persons who want the wheel chair from *The Man Who Came to Dinner* now that Monty Wooley is through with it . . . There are twenty-nine active one-armed paper hangers in the country.

Ronald Colman and Bing Crosby are considered Hollywood's most agreeable men . . . Edward Arnold is active in more than forty charities . . . Deanna Durbin is the only actress in Hollywood with ten successive triumphs behind her . . . Sixty per-cent of the United States' natural resources will be necessary to defeat Hitler . . . Most money is spent for radio shows on Sunday evenings. Friday and Wednesday are next.

Kay Kyser's one night stands average $15,000 . . . *Sergeant York* is grossing the biggest box-office since *Gone With the Wind.*

Strictly Incidental:

• • • If milady loses an eyelash, tears a stocking, or rips a fingernail, a Hollywood emergency service will deliver them immediately . . . Nazimova is writing her biography . . . Sign on Chinese tailor shop: LADIES HAVE FITS UPSTAIRS.

A divorce was granted last month because the wife was a double-feature fan, the husband wasn't . . . Garbo likes Viennese music . . . RKO'S commissary specialty is non-fattening carrot ice cream.

This winter Arturo Toscanini will conduct on all three networks: the NBC Symphony, the Philharmonic Orchestra on Mutual and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony on Columbia . . . Rochester is being billed in Harlem as "The Man Who Made Jack Benny Famous."

If he is available, Cary Grant is slated to play the lead in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* . . . Television has been shelved for the duration . . . Mapmakers hope for a less hectic year.

Bob Hope blames the Senate film investigation on Bing Crosby. Crosby, he claims, gave eight of his horses to the cavalry and they therefore suspect him of being a Fifth Columnist.

What has happened to the British aristocrats who formerly favored friendship with the man England now is fighting with all her strength?



Lords in Steel Helmets

by HANS HABE

ARISTOCRAT—APPEASER. Before the outbreak of World War II, these terms were almost interchangeable in England.

Obviously, all of England's aristocrats were not appeasers—nor were all appeasers aristocrats. Far from it. But unquestionably the bulk of Englishmen advocating the "peace in our time" philosophy were to be found among the baronets, lords and dukes. Also, admittedly, a very substantial percentage of England's titled names were shouting "peace at any price" at the very outset.

All this, of course, was before all-out war changed the entire picture. The war now has put an entirely new light on matters. Minority and majority positions have become reversed. Hitler is no longer eligible for friendship with England. Much time has passed.

And what of the appeasers?

Where are these aristocrats who opposed war—who favored "peace in our time"—who made possible Munich? What are their positions today?

Let's consider several of them, each in his turn:

One of the best known of all the aristocrat-appeasers was Lord Runciman, bitterly known in Prague as "the grave-digger of Czechoslovakia."

Thirty-year-old Hans Habe might well feel that he has lived thirty centuries. A Hitler-hating Hungarian, he escaped assassination in Vienna in 1932 — fled a German prison camp in 1940. Before he enlisted in the French Army at the outbreak of the present war, journalistic assignments had taken him all over Europe, to the reception rooms of kings and leading statesmen, to the battle front in Spain and the Venezelos revolution in Greece. Now at West Point, N. Y., Habe is lecturing, writing for magazines and working on a book. He already has three novels to his credit, probably is best known in this country for A Thousand Shall Fall, the recently-published volume of his experiences with the French Army. Readers who have made his acquaintance before, may be interested in his comment that it is a "pleasure to become a writer for a magazine whose reader one is." Personal experience enriches his article.

He it was who prepared the Munich agreement and the death of the free Republic.

After the outbreak of the war Lord Runciman retired from the political scene and for several months remained in the background. It must be recalled however, that when Hitler occupied Prague, Lord Runciman declared that, though he had demanded the cession of the Sudetenland to Germany, he never intended Czechoslovakia to be erased from the map. Like Kaiser Wilhelm he belatedly understood the consequences of his actions —like the Kaiser he used those classical words: "I did not want *that*."

In true British fashion, Lord Runciman drew the consequences from his errors. He became reconciled with Churchill and at present, though remaining in the background, he is trying hard to make good a situation which resulted partly from his own previous actions.

Somewhat similar to the case of Lord Runciman was that of another aristocrat-appeaser, Sir Arthur Wilson. For many years he was known chiefly as a sportsman and the owner of one of the oldest racing stables in England next to Lord Derby's. His friendship with Germans was a result of his sport activities. He went to Germany for the Olympic games, as an expert on golf, horses and tennis. The virtues of German sportsmen inspired Sir Arthur with an exaggerated idea of German virtues in general.



Thus he became the undisputed leader of the pro-German movement among the upper aristocracy and in Parliament. Even after the outbreak of hostilities, he insisted that England and Germany should be friends. As late as two months after the declaration of war, the French ambassador in London lodged a protest against an article of Sir Arthur's discussing the possibility of a separate peace between England and Germany.

This friend of Hitler's "New Order" changed his mind not from general considerations, but under the impact of a personal blow. One of the wealthiest men in England, he had been happily married for thirty years to a Dutch noblewoman, related to the royal family. And the same Sir Arthur who had been so little disturbed by the pogroms in Vienna, the executions in Prague and the burning of Warsaw, suddenly decided that Hitler could not be a decent sort when, on May 10, 1940, he attacked defenseless Holland.

Though fifty-one years old, far above the age limit of the R. A. F., this Conservative M. P. obtained permission to act as observer in a bombing plane. He was shot down during a flight over Germany and shortly thereafter died of his wounds.

BOTH OF THE cases cited above involve aristocrat-appeasers who definitely were converted, and whose positions were definitely acknowledged

by the British government. But they represent one category only. A second category is represented by Hess' former friend, the Duke of Hamilton.

His role among the converted appeasers is still unclear, although the Foreign Office has recently published a confidential report exonerating him from any complicity in the Hess affair. It is true that the Duke was formerly an intimate friend of Hess', and that Princess Stephanie Hohenlohe, who is now in the United States, used to be a frequent guest at the estate where Nazi No. 3 so suddenly landed. Before the war the Duke often spoke of the "superiority of the two Teutonic nations," the British and the German.

The report of the Foreign Office, however, without giving any details, merely states that the Duke's attitude has been "irreproachable." Anyone is free to interpret this as he likes, but it is a fact that the Duke is now on an "important mission" in Africa for his government.

In addition, there is still a third category of converted appeasers, comprised of aristocrats whose change of mind has been duly registered, but who are not allowed to play any part in the present-day English war effort. One of this latter group is Lord Redesdale, father of that notorious feminine Hitler-worshipper, Unity Mitford.

After his daughter's return from Germany, he made a speech in which he tried to make up for the fact that "Fraulein" Mitford had been wearing the swastika in Munich, but Churchill's distrust of the family remained just as strong as ever. At a dinner party given by Lady Astor, another now "converted" friend of Germany, Lord Redesdale declared:



"We have no right to seek protection behind the corpses of millions of young men."

After this speech, Lord Redesdale applied for the army. His application was "adjourned indefinitely." England has become wary even of her aristocrats. Otherwise it would be difficult to explain why British statesmen to this day speak of "highly placed persons" who "still are refusing to understand."

So far, the tale of the British aristocracy follows the pattern of the prodigal son. However, not all among the aristocracy are wearers of steel helmets.

Aside from these three groups of "accepted or not-accepted" former appeasers, there are the unconverted friends of Germany under the leadership of Sir Oswald Mosley. Fortunately for England and the world, they are safely locked up in a place where they can receive no visitors.

Mosley, Fuehrer of the British fascists, has never really changed his opinions.

The leader of the British blackshirts even after the outbreak of war moved about freely—until he was discovered intriguing with Irish fascists. This earned for the would-be dictator iron

bars instead of a steel helmet.

Also behind bars is Sir Herbert P. Latham, a major in the British army. That this arrest was urgent can be seen from the fact that the King commissioned War Secretary Captain David Margesson to imprison M. P. Major Latham without first getting the consent of Parliament—a rare occurrence in England. Parliament was informed of his arrest six hours later.

IT GOES without saying that the English aristocracy does not consist exclusively of converted appeasers and unconverted appeasers. There is still another category of British aristocrats who must be mentioned in any survey of Lords in Steel Helmets. This category comprises men who have "merely done their duty."

John Henry Crichton, fifth Earl of Erne, was one of the first victims of the war. He was a member of the British Expeditionary Corps, but did not reach Dunkerque. He fell during the retreat at the French town of Arras.

Among other fallen heroes of the British aristocracy are at least two relatives of the royal house. Both were shot down as pilots of the R.A.F. The purple and red pennant of the Counts of Cambridge flies at half-mast for Lord Frederick Charles Cambridge who was shot down during a reconnaissance flight over France. And another of the King's cousins, twenty-seven-year-old Gustavus Lascelles Hamilton-Russel, was among the most frequently decorated bombing pilots in the R.A.F. when the Germans forced him down after one of his many successful flights.

Still other aristocrats have proved themselves worthy of the British people, even without shouldering a gun or taking the pilot's seat in a bomber.

Lord Jersey, owner of Osterley Park, one of the most beautiful estates in the world, inaccessible to the people for eight hundred years, has put his property at the disposal of the Home Guard. The youngest Lord Londonderry has contributed the income received during the last five years from his various commercial enterprises to the building of bombing planes. The son of the famous Lord Derby auctioned off a large part of his art collection to raise funds for the reconstruction of a ruined town on England's eastern coast.

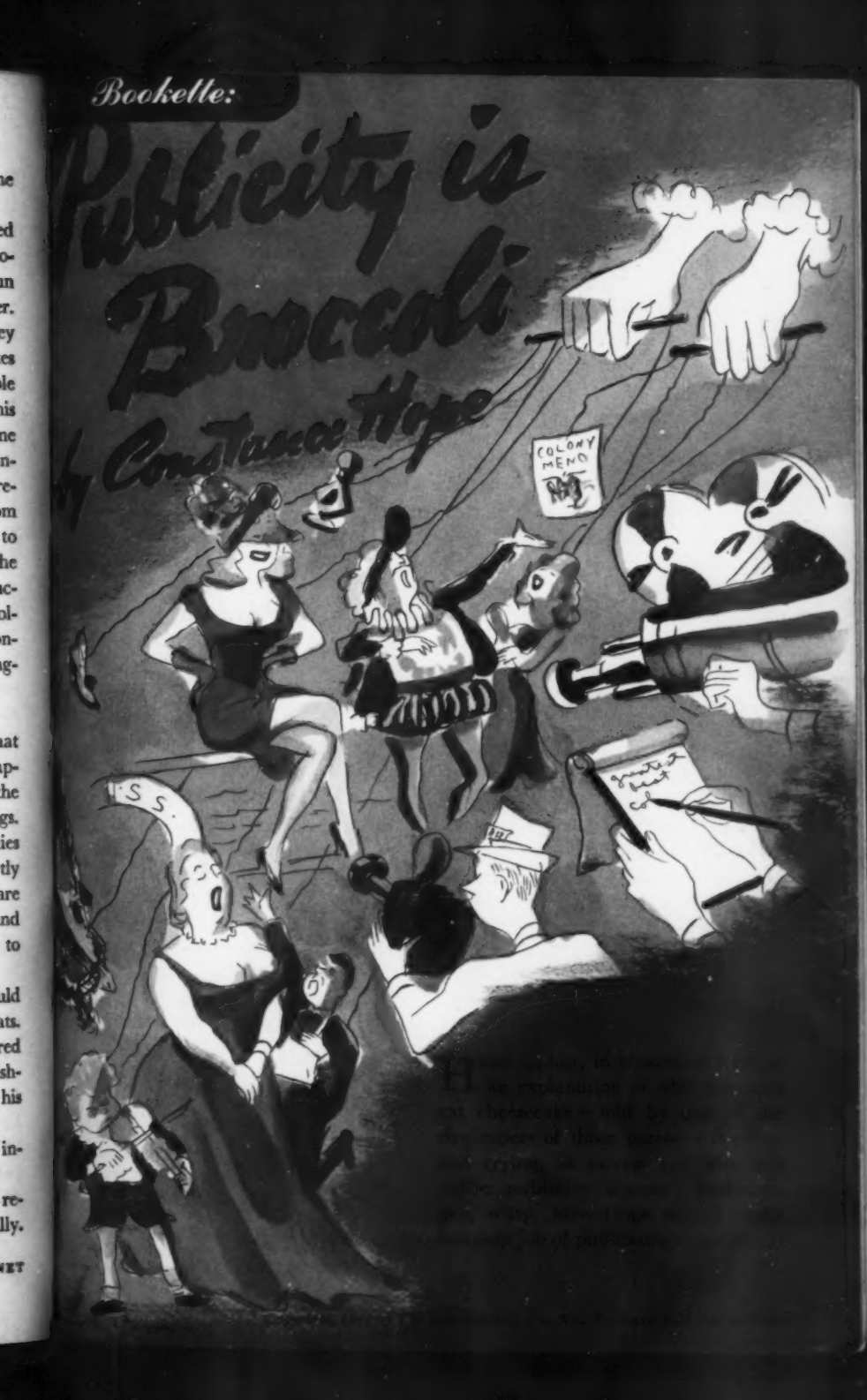
And so it goes.

Any answer to the question, what are the aristocrats, the former appeasers, doing today, must be to the effect that they are doing many things. Some have proved dangerous enemies and repose in jail. Others have partly changed their opinions. But most are doing their duty—to defend England as best they can, each according to his own abilities.

That of course, is what one would expect from a country's aristocrats. As Minister Ernest Bevin declared before Parliament: "Every Englishman, without distinction, must do his duty."

At which, one of his colleagues interrupted: "Even if he is a Lord?"

"Especially so, if he is a Lord," replied Bevin quickly and emphatically.


Bookette:
Publicity is Broccoli
by Constance Hope
COLONY MEMO
SS



Publicity Is Broccoli

I CAN DEFINE publicity in two words —making news. That, baldly stated, is my mission in life. Of course, there are many ways of making news —and many kinds of news to make.

Our results in the last eight years have come through sheer luck and perseverance rather than through any great skill on our part. Since then I hope I've learned some of the facts of life about newspapers—and also about press agents, publicity people and Public Relations Counsels.

The press agent is the fellow who believes that there is no such thing as bad publicity. He operates on the theory that even if his client plays the leading role in a murder trial, it's justified by the space he gets in the papers. The press agent's supreme ambition is to get into Winchell's column. The measure of his success is the number of clippings received, rather than what the stories say.

The publicist is more selective. He, too, is concerned with amassing a large number of client mentions, but he doesn't stop there. His task is not only to make his client well known, but also to create a definite impression in the public mind.

The publicist, as a general rule, makes more money than the press agent, but the Public Relations Counsel is rich like anything. Unlike his lowlier brethren, the P.R.C. claims he spends more time keeping his client's name out of the papers than he does getting it in.

The symbol of the Public Relations Counsel should be the whitewash brush, rather than the typewriter. His worst nightmare is a headline beginning "SOULLESS CORPORATION"; his

sure out, to have the president of same build a wing for Harvard.

So reach for a grain of salt the next time you read that a library has been endowed to the tune of three million dollars. Maybe a senatorial investigation is scheduled to begin next week.



Lehmann for the Layman: Lotte Lehmann was the first world-famous client who came to us. At that time, the idea of handling Lehmann was one of those far-away dreams—like picking up a million in A.T.&T.

My dream of handling Lehmann was to come true sooner than I knew. Erno Balogh, who had been playing for her, confessed that he was worried about Lotte's career in America. In spite of her great prestige in musical circles she was having no real commercial success.

When I first went to work for Lotte, my reverence for her as an artist didn't blind me to one vital fact—one's greatness has nothing whatever to do with one's news value. In the case of Lotte Lehmann, our job was to sell more concerts for her. Our primary objective was to make not the reader but the editor Lehmann-conscious. I remember vividly the first time I asked a newspaperman to do a story for Lehmann. "Is she related to the Governor?" he inquired. When I explained that she was an Austrian singer, his next question was: "Has she had any trouble with Hitler?"

Now, had we been interested only in amassing a large number of clippings, we might have admitted that there had been a little misunderstanding with Goering, and we might have got a great deal of space for Lotte. But as the message we had to tell was, "Come hear Lotte Lehmann—she's wonderful," we had to use another technique. Once the editors' resistance had been broken down, we prepared human-interest stories, ostensibly written around topics of general interest, which in reality served as a pretext for imparting the information that Lotte Lehmann was a distinguished soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

At the end of this barrage, it was our fervent hope that the public was convinced Lotte Lehmann was either (a) distinguished, (b) a soprano or (c) a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

We promoted her concerts with special campaigns planned individually for each town where she was to appear. Four weeks before the concert, a steady stream of material began to flow from our offices to the city desk, the society and fashion editors, the music editor and other department heads.

At the end of our first season, our efforts in Lehmann's behalf began to show results, both in clippings and in the pleasant form of advance concert-bookings.

Shortly afterward Lehmann was on

Page One from coast to coast, thanks to a "Mr. Crawford of NBC." Awakened at midnight by a telephone call, Lotte had picked up the receiver to hear an irate voice berating her for not being at the studio for a March of Dimes broadcast. It was too late for her to get down to the studio, she was told, but they would pick up her voice right on the telephone. Thinking that I had really promised to have her sing on a charity broadcast, Lotte, lying in bed with the telephone to her lips, hesitatingly sang the words of *Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes* sans accompaniment. It was not until the next day that we discovered she had been hoaxed.

Believe it or not, the first of a still continuing series of floral tributes from "Mr. Crawford of NBC" arrived the next day. Accompanying them was a note. "Dear Mme. Lehmann," it said: "The beautiful spirit that showed through your song last night made me very ashamed of my little hoax. It was like you to sing first for a good cause and question afterwards. Please forgive me. 'Crawford of NBC.' "



Philadelphia's White-Headed Boy: When I first met Stokowski, he acknowledged the introduction, shook my hand and remained seated—and silent, looking me up and down as he might a filly at a claiming race. Five minutes of this loud silence passed; I began to grow restive; I commenced to make small talk. I talked about a recent shopping trip with Lehmann. I believed she was more excited about Christmas than the children were.

"That is childish," said Stokowski.

Irritated by his cool attitude, I said I didn't think it was childish at all.

"It is childish," Stokowski repeated. "I do not like people who are childish."

Charles O'Connell, one of the company executives, took me aside and said: "Look, don't talk about Lehmann all the time. Talk about Stokowski. If this keeps up, you won't get the job."

Presently the maestro, with the air of one being forced to perform a disagreeable duty, invited us to supper at his apartment. Mr. Stokowski asked me which I would prefer: to walk or ride. I said it would be fun to walk, if it wasn't too far.

The maestro seemed annoyed and said to O'Connell: "Why is it that everything she says rubs me the wrong way?"

By this time I was a little annoyed myself. The account was lost anyway, I thought; so I said: "Mr. Stokowski, you took the words right out of my mouth. I feel exactly the same way about you."

Instead of the outburst I expected, Stokowski grinned. Then he said to O'Connell: "You know, she's nice. Not too nice, but nice."

Then we went to his apartment,

and there the podium Adonis turned on the charm.

And I fell for it. From that day to this, I've remained dazzled by that smile.

You've probably heard the statement that Stokowski is the most avid publicity hound in music today. But from my observation I believe this phase of his genius has been exaggerated. Unquestionably Stokowski has advanced himself through publicity, but a lot of it has been unsought. Stokowski has a way of doing the unexpected. Sometimes when you are least prepared for it he can be as modest and self-effacing as an escaped convict. When we played at Springfield, Massachusetts, I had an idea. Expecting an abrupt refusal, I went to the maestro and outlined it. To my surprise, he listened and consented readily and graciously.

The night of the concert, Charles O'Connell was conducting. In addition to being musical director of the company, Charlie is an accomplished conductor, and Springfield is his home town.

The program included a transcription for orchestra and organ. Just before O'Connell lifted his baton, a tall, slender figure topped by a thatch of silver hair slipped onto the organ bench—Stokowski!

The audience went wild, and well they might. So far as I know, it was Stokie's first appearance as an organist since he left St. Bartholomew's in New York to go to Cincinnati. But he didn't turn around or acknowledge the applause in any way. For that evening he was a member of the orchestra and nothing more. When he had finished playing (superbly, I might add) he slipped off the organ bench and refused to return to take a bow.

It was Charlie O'Connell's night, and Stokowski wasn't going to deprive him of one square inch of the limelight.

By now you've probably gathered that I'm a confirmed and incurable Stokowski fan. I admit it freely.



Gilding the Lily:

Lily Pons is literally a press agent's dream walking. She has no blind spots which have to be avoided in a publicity campaign. She has youth, good looks, charm, intelligence. She's equally at home in rotogravure, the woman's page or the music and dramatic section.

Virtually everything about Lily Pons is the way you'd like it to be. Her husband is a distinguished artist in his own right, and unlike some operatic husbands, is in no danger of becoming known as "Mr. Lily Pons."

Even with a dream client, certain problems present themselves. For example, when Lily went to Hollywood to make her first movie, it was up to us to convince the public that the day of the over-cushioned coloratura is past. We had to get across the idea

that it was possible to sing the Bell Song from *Lakme* without the aid of a size forty-four bust. So we went to work on the photo editors.

Lily's gams, as they say on Park Avenue, are shapely enough to place in anybody's beauty contest. So for days the petite prima donna lived in sport clothes and bathing suits for the benefit of our photographer.

After a while we decided that these devices, which had served their purpose in familiarizing the public with the name of Lily Pons, might be carried too far and smacked a bit of circus press agentry. The bathing suits and ballet gowns disappeared, and in their place dignity appeared as the keynote of our campaign. Once more you had to buy a ticket to the Met to see Lily in her *Lakme* costume.

Now it's simply a question of presenting the real Pons, without spotlighting either her torso or her tessitura. We show her as she really is, a gracious and charming person and a sincere artist whose hard work has won her the respect of every music critic in the country.

Sometimes I awake in the middle of the night with a shudder and find I've been dreaming about the Case of the Flying Piano.

That was a stunt we created one season, when Lily's concert tour was so hectic that she was flying from town to town to fill her many engagements. To enable her to practice en route, we had secured for her a tiny piano, one that was small enough to accompany her in the plane.

One night, I had just snuggled down in my seldom-used bed when a wire arrived from the Coast: "PLANE ARRIVED SAFELY PIANO LOST EN ROUTE OR SOMETHING. SO? STOP. PONS." Climbing out of the warm covers, I went out into the cold winter night for a dreary drive to Newark.

"Yes, Madam?" inquired the sleepy dispatcher.

"You," I accused, "have lost a piano."

The dispatcher edged away from me carefully. "Yes, Madam. Any particular piano, or just a piano?"

Carefully, I explained the whole situation. Still frankly skeptical—"a wallet, a bag, even a wife, lady, but a plane's no place to lose a piano"—he shot a few inquiries over the teletype.

About this time the publicity man for the line arrived, slightly sleepy and considerably worried. After all, losing a piano! He turned on the pressure, and the wires crackled through the night, while priceless minutes were flying and our tempers were growing bad.

I was just getting to the point of demanding someone's head on a platter when a grease-stained mechanic walked in to borrow a cigarette.

"Shucks, lady," said the grease-monkey, "if you're looking for an undersized piano, there's one in the corner right behind you."

You could have sliced the silence in the room and served it on rye. We looked in the corner and looked at

one another. It was IT, all right.

There was a gleam in the publicity man's eye which I recognized. "You can make mine double Scotch, too," I said.



The Great Dane: In the beginning, in handling Lauritz Melchior, I found my worst fears were justified. At that time the public wasn't very much interested in any singer who wasn't a movie star. Certainly nobody wanted to hear about a Wagnerian tenor, even if he did sing in the Metropolitan.

Another obstacle was the fact that it is always more difficult to get publicity for a male client unless you can capitalize on his romances. We found, however, that the Woman in the Case could be equally valuable, even though her relation to Melchior is entirely respectable.

For the woman's page, although often closed to Lauritz, was a logical vehicle for stories about Kleinchen Melchior, "wife of the heroic tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company." But it was Lauritz himself who provided us with our first really big opportunity.

Lauritz possesses a very neat and orderly mind. Thanks to this, we discovered that he was soon to sing his one hundredth Siegfried—an impressive record, as the nearest runner-up, the great De Reszke, had only a puny forty-six performances to his credit.

To commemorate the event (and as bait for newspapers and newsreel photographers) we decided to have a hand-forged sword to represent the stage prop sword carried by Siegfried made for Lauritz and presented to him after the one hundredth performance by Mayor La Guardia.

Kenneth Lynch, a fine smithy out on Long Island, volunteered to forge the sword. Shortly before the presentation we took Lauritz out to watch the forging. Some of the newsreel boys whom we had enticed into going along decided that Melchior should take lessons in blacksmithing. It would be handy, they thought, for the forge scene in Siegfried.

With his characteristic good nature Lauritz, too, thought it would be fun and taking off his coat, he picked up the blacksmith's hammer and began pounding on the anvil. Then someone suggested that Lauritz should sing the music that accompanies the forging of Siegfried's sword.

That stumped us, as no one there had absolute pitch, and without an orchestra we hadn't the faintest idea of what note to begin on. Luckily there was a telephone in the next room, and I called a friend at the Knabe piano company. He struck the proper note on a piano. I passed the note to the person next to me, who passed it via musical bucket-brigade to the smithy. Lauritz picked up the traveling tone, sang his aria, the newsreels got their picture and sound, and everybody was happy.

Publicity Is Broccoli

Lauritz Melchior weighs over two hundred pounds and stands six feet four in his socks. Nevertheless, when he was in the Danish Army he was the smallest man in his regiment, the King's Royal Guard.

There is a very active chapter of alumni of the Guards in this country, ranging six feet four to six feet eight, and every year this group of giants holds a meeting, with a telegram to the King of Denmark and a big celebration at the Melchiors' house. This celebration is one of the sacred dates in Melchior's life.

The second is his birthday, on which date he will never consider singing, no matter what the fee. His managers have long since learned that on March 20, Melchior is entirely incommunicado.

The third date is the Christmas party which Melchior holds every year for the Metropolitan's men without wives and women without husbands. For these exiles, the Melchiors each year provide an enormous Christmas tree which fills one corner of their room; then, at midnight, there is a concert which would cost you a fortune to produce in Carnegie Hall. For the opera stars all gather around the tree at midnight, and blend a million dollars worth of talent in nostalgic Christmas carols.

Progressively we found our task easier in handling Melchior's publicity. A colorful personality himself, he has the knack of doing things to make good publicity. For example, one fact which lends piquancy to Melchior's personality is that he shoots his own costumes. The Bearskin which he wears in Siegfried is from a bear which he brought down with his gun.



The State of Denmark: The day we signed the contract to do publicity for the Danish Pavilion with Roger Nielsen, Danish High Commissioner to the Fair, we had just moved into our present offices and there wasn't enough furniture in the place to start a fire. So, in lieu of a desk, we signed the contract on the floor. Mr. Nielsen said this was a good omen, to which we agreed heartily.

Denmark was fortunate in its choice of a High Commissioner. The first stunt which he pulled out of his hat for the benefit of Denmark at the Fair was a visit by the Danish Crown Prince and Princess. We received this news with considerable elation.

The Melchiors gave a party in honor of the royal visitors at the Gripsholm Restaurant on Fifty-seventh Street. The Melchiors, being the most informal of people, gave the occasion the informality which is characteristic of everything they do; and the Prince and Princess fitted into that atmosphere perfectly. The Prince, in fact, was the first to go over to the bar to get a glass of beer.

There was one bad moment, though,

before the party started. Lauritz had to remove his makeup and get into street clothes after the opera, so he was one of the last to arrive. The entrance to the Gripsholm is by way of a hall and a little balcony before you get to the restaurant proper, which is below the street level. When the Prince got to the balcony and saw that the host had not yet arrived, he refused to go down into the dining room.

All the other guests naturally followed his example, so there we were packed on the balcony like sardines. It was fortunate for me that Lauritz arrived shortly afterward: I was already seeing headlines in the morning tabloids: "50 KILLED AS GRIPSHOLM BALCONY COLLAPSES."

After the departure of the Crown Prince and Princess, Nielsen announced that he had arranged another feature with our interests in mind. He had invited the famous Danish educator Niels Bukh, well known for his system of precision exercises, to come over to this country as a feature of Denmark Day at the Fair.

When we had fought our way through the bedlam which always characterizes an incoming ship and located Niels Bukh, my stock sank with the Fourth Estate. We had lured the press there with the promise that Bukh's boys would do their precision exercises on the ship's sun deck.

Bukh was scandalized at the idea. The ship was going to dock in forty minutes, he said; they wanted to get through customs and go ashore. Why couldn't the picture wait?

At this point, the press was looking very, very skeptically in our direction. Bukh finally capitulated with a "these-Americans-they-are-mad" gesture. Bukh then gave the order to begin, and the boys went through their precision exercises, and the heat of the sun presently made the sweat roll down the backs of the young Danes. When the boys were beginning to puff and breathe hard, Bukh stopped and barked a curt "Enough."

"Listen, sister," whispered the Hearst newsreel man, "don't tell Sourpuss, but we haven't even started shooting yet!"

When I reported soothingly to Bukh that the boys "weren't quite finished," I thought he would burst an artery on the spot; but eventually, with a resigned expression, he put the young men through their routine again.

Meanwhile, another cameraman had had an inspiration. He said he wanted to get a picture of four of the boys doing a handstand on the ship's rail, with the Woolworth Building in the background. By this time Bukh was prepared for anything; he merely motioned the boys to the rail with a disgusted look.

I believe it will be some time before I forget the picture of those four Danish boys, standing on their hands, with their faces gradually getting purple from the exertion, and the newsreel man lying on his back on the deck, waiting for the Woolworth Building to swim into his lens.

Publicity Is Broccoli

After Denmark Day had come and gone at the Fair, we began to concentrate on general publicity for Denmark and the Danish Pavilion.

Before the Pavilion had opened, the major-domo of the restaurant had told us that there are several kinds of Danish cheese that are best kept in the icebox, while other varieties ripen best if kept at room temperature. On this basis we had interested a food editor in doing a story.

All went well until it came time to take a picture. The editor wanted a shot of our chef in the act of placing a cheese in the icebox, as advance publicity. We handed the chef a box of "room temperature" cheese, the only kind we had available at the moment, and by means of mispronounced German, which we hoped sounded like Danish, and pantomime (the chef spoke no English), told him to stick the cheese in the brand new icebox while we took the picture.

A peculiar look came over the chef's face, and he said something in Danish that sounded like "It's a bit Lugter."

We didn't know what that meant, but we thought he was afraid someone would see the picture and would think he didn't know any better than to put "room temperature" cheese in the icebox. We assured him that nobody would be able to tell from the picture which cheese it was.

"It's a bit Lugter," said the chef.

We argued for half an hour, cajoling, flattering, threatening, pleasing, appealing to his love for Denmark. Quoth the Raven, "It's a bit Lugter."

Finally, in disgust, we folded our tripod and silently stole away without a picture.

On the way out, we buttonholed one of the tall, blond and handsome guards who was just returning to the empty Pavilion and asked: "Say, what does this 'It's a bit Lugter' mean in your language?"

A broad grin spread over the young giant's face. "You probably mean *Iskabet Lugter*," he translated; "that means 'Icebox will stink.' "

TOWARD THE END of the summer, Nielsen announced a final stunt. *The Danmark*, a sailing ship which was used for the training of cadets, was coming to New York as a feature of the Danish participation in the Fair.

We were immediately excited, because a sailing ship, as every photo editor knows, is just what the managing editor ordered. *The Danmark* was to arrive on Sunday, but with a bit of salesmanship on our part all the papers agreed to save some space for the picture.

All afternoon we sat waiting impatiently, while the sun sank lower and lower until it was too late to get a decent picture. We had just about given up at the approach of nightfall, when the telephone rang.

"*The Danmark* is here," said one of my sentries at the Danish Consulate.

There was not a moment to be lost. "When does it dock?" I demanded.

"It's docked now," said the voice,

sheepishly. "It's moored off the Bay Ridge flats in Brooklyn."

I exploded like a six-inch firecracker. What had happened? How had the ship got by? All our plans were wasted because the picture the photographers wanted was of the boat coming in under full sail. There was nothing exciting about a ship tied up to a dock. "Listen," I commanded, "you tell that captain to turn his ship right around and take it out again. Tell him he can sail up and down the ocean all night, but he's not to dare to bring it back before eleven o'clock tomorrow morning."

Ensued a scene of frantic telephoning back and forth, with appeals to the captain, to Nielsen, to everybody who could bring pressure to bear on the reluctant seaman. Finally the captain and his crew of cadets grudgingly routed themselves out of their snug berths and put out to sea again.

The next morning we were at the Battery bright and early, and loaded our photographers on board a tug we had chartered for the occasion. We steamed out into the harbor, and soon *The Danmark* appeared. I must say that even in my misanthropic frame of mind I granted she made a beautiful picture, with all sails set and heeling over in a fresh sailing breeze.

Our photographers snapped the picture, and then someone suggested that we go aboard and get some pictures of life on a square-rigger. We hailed *The Danmark* and asked if we could board her. A deep voice bellowed back that we could have a minute and a half on the next tack—no more.

The tugboat captain was immediately vociferous, and he said he wasn't going to wreck his boat for no twenty bucks. We told him that not only were we going aboard, but that he was to come back for us in twenty minutes.

Meantime the photographers, looking rather pale and more thoughtful than usual, were gathering up their cameras and flash-bulbs preparatory to boarding.

Larry Gordon, my own photographer, was poised on the upper rail of the tug. When *The Danmark* approached on her new tack he leaped, and the cadets hauled him aboard. We swarmed up the side of the ship like pirates, tossing two-hundred-dollar cameras to the cadets like bean bags. Meantime our captain was bellowing: "You only got a minute and a half, you only got a minute and a half." I was shouting, "You come back and pick us up in twenty minutes!" The ship's officers, I am sure, were laughing themselves into catalepsy on the quarter-deck.

Once on board, we took stock of our damages. Miraculously, not a camera was damaged; we hadn't even broken a flash-bulb. Aside from disastrous runs in both my stockings, our only casualty was a photographer who had preferred a whole skin to glory, and had elected to remain with the tug.

It was this fellow, incidentally, who

got what later proved to be the best picture of the afternoon. Just as *The Danmark* was going toward the North River on her way to Hoboken, The United States Battleship *Wyoming* dipped her colors in salute. *The Danmark* responded.

What a picture! The old and the new—sail and steam—Old World and New World—international amity—with the Statue of Liberty thrown in for good measure. But the cautious lad on the tug was the only one who was fortunate enough to get it.



Sweet Charity: One of the best cracks I've ever heard about charity publicity didn't come from a press agent. It came from the Bible, namely and to wit: "Charity shall cover the multitude of sins." It covers more than that, although the Bible is too kind to say so. It covers a fine headache, some heels, as fine a collection of lens lice as ever fogged a film and weary arches.

I remember once we were doing publicity for a charity in Florida. We didn't know much about the charity except that two of the members of the committee were a Mrs. Jones and a Mrs. Smythe. As part of the publicity campaign we had interested the *Journal-American's* famed Cholly Knickerbocker in doing a piece about the first of our two ladies. He was so interested that he offered to write up Mrs. Smythe as well. We proudly forwarded this bit of news, and half an hour later a telegram sizzled in: "THE HELL WITH MRS SMYTHE STOP CONCENTRATE ON ME FOR CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER STOP I'M PAYING THE BILLS MARY JONES."

We will not go into the subject of debutantes, beyond saying that they do not have many clocks at finishing schools, because I have yet to see a deb who, when she is scheduled to come for a four o'clock tea, doesn't plan to come at five—and actually rush in at a quarter of six.

Then they say that Daddy and Mother won't allow them ever, ever to have their pictures taken, and in general that it's rather disagreeable, really, that the vulgar newspapers won't let them alone.

You never believe it, because most of them love the warm sunlight of publicity. Not only that, but the true debutante hunts in packs, and when one stands in front of your camera, she always wants to bring a friend or eight. Of course, they are always frightfully rushed—they must be off in a moment to tea at Mimi's. But they all manage to hang around until the last bitter pop of the flashbulb.

Now the average press agent is a realist who knows that because newspaper space is limited, a one-column cut has a better chance to run than a three, so when you take any kind of a group picture, you try to limit the number of participants to three.

Do you think you can get away

with that? Not by a jugful! You're lucky if your photographer isn't kicked to death as the whole herd crowds into the picture just as you're ready to shoot. Before you know it, it's like taking a nice, intimate shot of a panzer division. Somebody always remembers that the picture won't be complete without the vice chairman in charge of junior subdebs, Miss Suzie Q. Giltbotham.

In vain you explain that you are merely trying to take a picture that will have a chance with the papers. But no—the chairman of the women's committee is going to get dear, dear Gladys, her friend's homely daughter, into the picture. So bingo—another plate is shot to oblivion.

Finally, after you have overcome these little difficulties, you assemble your brood and spend a nerve racking hour posing them for the camera. You always have your own photographer on hand in case some of the newspaper photographers don't show up, or won't wait. Just as the butterflies in your tummy have stopped fluttering their wings, one of the debutantes will arrive and ask what paper your lone photographer is from. This seems like a simple enough question—but you don't know debs. If you say the *Times* it's a sure bet she prefers the *Mirror* because she reads Winchell. If you say the *Mirror* she will inform you that her parents never, never allow her to appear in any paper but the *Times*.

After too many of these jousts, we have found the perfect answer. We have learned to say: "Oh him? He's from one of the news syndicates."



Strictly Stunting:

Stunts are an excellent source of space revenue for your client *if* they land in the papers. They are a breeding ground for grey hair if they don't.

To promote Columbia records, we arranged to have nationally known personalities give away albums of recordings to the first couples applying for marriage licenses on St. Valentine's Day. In Phoenix, Arizona, we chose Nelson Eddy to offer an album of his recorded "Love Songs," and in New York Beatrice Kay was to present her "Gay Nineties" album. In Miami Beach Lily Pons was to give away an album of Andre Kostelanetz recordings. All arrangements had been made. Miami Beach's mayor was on hand in striped trousers and morning coat. Photographers and reporters had been contacted. Lily didn't go swimming all day for fear she'd miss the call from the marriage-license clerk. But we had failed to anticipate one important development. Nobody got married in Miami Beach on St. Valentine's Day.

Our most extensive and consistent excursion into the field of stunting took place when we were doing publicity for the M. H. Lamston Chain of five-and-ten-cent stores.

We were engaged for a six-months'

campaign to launch the opening of their tenth store.

We handled the "premeer" of the newest Lamston store in true Hollywood fashion, except for Klieg lights. Through a theatrical agency we issued a "call" for forty (ex) show-girls to man the counters at the gala opening.

Then, in the true tradition of the night club opening, we prepared our herald announcing the great event. "40 BEAUTIFUL GIRLS 40" screamed the banner headline in circus type. We delivered it to the papers by special courier. Billy Rose couldn't top that, we figured. The owners, Messrs. Lahm and Stone, liked that. They immediately invited an imposing group of celebrities to attend the "premeer."

To "dramatize" the five-and-dime aspect of the business, we had a rare exhibit of nickels and dimes. I don't think there was a coin in the lot that was minted after 1840, and the display case lent a distinct touch of class. But just in case anyone missed that subtle point, we engaged a model with features very similar to the lady who adorns the "heads" side of the U. S. dime. She sat in a chair of state, wearing an imposing headgear in the shape of a dime—so that in profile she looked like Miss Liberty herself. But because her face was set in the headgear like a cameo cutout, she could neither move right or left, and the poor girl spent the afternoon cursing the U. S. mint.

It didn't stop there. From a little office on Broadway whose nameplate read "Associated Indian Rental Service," we rented an Indian. This was an extra-special Indian, we were informed by the manager of the rental service. "Not only is this Indian a a direct descendant of the fellow who posed for the face on the buffalo nickel," we were assured, "but he's a registered C.P.I."

"And what," we queried, "is a C.P.I.?"

"A C.P.I.," the manager informed us without even cracking a smile, "is a Certified Public Indian."

We hired him on the spot.

The telephone directory, always a fruitful source of Gotham curiosa, revealed that in various parts of New York lived an honest-to-goodness Mr. Five, several Nickels, one Mr. Tenne, and a gent by the name of Dime.

Mr. Tenne would have no part in such monkey shines. Some of the others promptly accepted our invitation to attend the party—which oddly enough was scheduled for 5:10 P.M. —as guests of honor.

With the party under way, the newest Lamston emporium looked like a three-ring circus under the big top. The music, of course, was from a phonograph which played ten-cent records exclusively. In one corner of the store Perc Westmore, Hollywood's ace make-up artist, was demonstrating how to beautify a woman's face with five-and-ten make-up; and Mr. Stone's pet Bedlington, with a very harassed expression, was

modeling canine fashions for the benefit of the lensmen.

One sideshow was not to be overlooked. Walter Slezak, the musical-comedy star, a droll fellow offstage, arrived wearing his racoon coat. The converted bear-rug fascinated our Indian, whose impassive face showed signs of life for the first time when the coat that harbored Slezak hove into view. Slezak was charmed by the Indian. Without so much as a "How," Slezak swiped a checkerboard from the game counter, and spent the rest of the afternoon playing checkers with "Honest Injun" on the women's lingerie counter.

Shortly after the store opened we decided that the store needed a successor to Mr. Stone's Bedlington, to model canine fashions daily. Lamston's stocked a complete line of accessories for dogs, and it was a good way to bring the dog-walking populace of the neighborhood into the store. We decided to advertise for a canine model, knowing that all city editors read the agony columns regularly for leads on stories. We composed the following ad:

WANTED: Personable dog with pleasant disposition and good manners, sober and industrious, to model canine fashions. Steady work, opportunity for advancement. Apply in person 9:00 a.m.

The New York *Times* refused to accept the ad. But other newspapers carried it. By 9:15 a.m. there were two police cars and one A.S.P.C.A. representative, not to mention a milling crowd of people and dogs, outside the door. The cops were in vile humor, the dogs were yapping, people were arguing about who got there first, and the A.S.P.C.A. man was keeping a wary eye open for evidence of inhumane treatment of animals.

While reporters scribbled notes furiously and photographers exploded a barrage of flash-bulbs, we solemnly "interviewed" applicants. The dog that finally got the job was a cunning wire-haired terrier, whose name was promptly changed to Lamston and added to the pay roll. His working hours were limited, he being permitted to model only for ten minutes at two-hour intervals each day. Even the store manager forgave us after he saw the stories and pictures in the papers.

THROUGH A STRANGE chain of circumstances we finally found our million dollar baby in a (Lamston) five-and-ten-cent store.

The Beaux Arts Ball, a fancy dress affair, has been a fixture of New York's society season for many years. Each year it revolves around a different thematic idea, and this year it was to be a Diamond Ball.

With baubles and trinkets a dime a dozen on any Lamston counter, we thought it would be fun to have a little "five-and-ten" salesgirl crash the ball all done up in Lamston jewels and Lamston finery.

I got hold of Ladislas Czettel, the

famous costume designer who was doing costumes for many of the socialites who were attending the ball, and invited him to take a free ride with us on the stunt.

Our "dream-up" went something like this. Czettel happens to be passing Lamston's and drops in to buy some pencils and drawing paper. The salesgirl recognizes his name, asks him if he isn't *the* Czettel who designs the costumes for the Beaux Arts Ball; he says yes; she says that it has been the dream of a lifetime to go to the Beaux Arts Ball; Czettel is interested; he offers to design a costume for her and give her a ticket to the ball; she can't afford it, she protests; he said poof-poof, it can be designed from material in the store, which he proceeds to do at a total cost of $7.28.

The Lamston salesgirl, Theodora Caruso, was young and photogenic, she came from the Bronx, and she personified wide-eyed innocence. She had probably never seen an Astor, a Vanderbilt or a Brenda Frazier other than in the public prints. But that night she knocked them all dead.

Escorted by two male members of my staff, Theodora arrived at the Ritz-Carlton, where the ball was being held. Czettel had outdone himself in his design, the five-and-ten costume jewelry sparkled like the real McCoy and the patrons of the ball went nuts about Theodora. So did the newspaper editors. The next day the Lamston salesgirl was News.

In contrast to our monkeyshines for Lamston is the job we have been doing for the Pequot Mills of Salem, Massachusetts, manufacturers of sheets and pillowcases.

Perhaps our most successful stunt to date on behalf of Pequot was the bed-making contest for male celebrities which we staged to publicize Pequot sheets. For the occasion we had assembled an impressive group of celebrities. Lew ("Monkeys Is Da Cwaziest Peoples") Lehr and surrealist Salvador Dali topped the list of contestants, which also included bandleader Frankie Masters, Gelett Burgess, Lester Gaba, Phil Baker and Milton Cross.

Gelett Burgess had read up on bed making and was very pedantic on the subject of "hospital ends" and "mitred corners." But all this theoretical knowledge didn't help him in the contest. Milton Cross, in his calm, dependable way, stuck to business and got under the wire first.

Honors for the publicity standpoint, however, went to Salvador Dali and Lew (M.I.D.C.P.) Lehr.

When we first approached Dali in regard to participating in our contest the Spaniard consented on one condition—that he could make "a long bed." I was so eager to get him to participate that I agreed at once, without stopping to find out what a "long bed" was.

Came the day of the contest. The photographers and reporters were ready, and I stepped into the bed-

by Constance Hope

room to see how the contestants were making out. Dali rushed up to me and fixed me with his burning gaze. "I suppose you have provided a black umbrella?"

"A black umbrella—" I said. "Ah—a black umbrella—yes, of course, just a moment—I'll have one for you right away."

Knowing that Dali has a way of jumping through windows, I edged away to my associate for protection, without asking any more questions.

We procured a black umbrella and brought it back to Dali. The surrealist, in the meantime, had had two beds placed end to end, with the head and foot boards removed. He thanked me profusely, placed the umbrella on the bed, surveyed the finished creation with a satisfied air, and climbed in.

At that point I was ready to disagree with Lew (M.I.D.C.P.) Lehr. After the black-umbrella episode I was willing to back Dali eight to one against any monkey who ever lived.

Came the dawn, however, when I discovered that Dali was crazy—like a fox.

The whole mad idea was just a bit of advance promotion for his own World's Fair show, chief feature of which was "the long bed of Venus!"



Part Time Profits

In past months, a very substantial number of men and women from nearly all walks of life have made welcome additions to their incomes by introducing Coronet to others. Representing Coronet in your community or your neighborhood provides a simple and dignified means of securing extra pleasures which you might otherwise be unable to afford. At the same time, too, this extra-income activity has another less monetary reward—the knowledge that you will be introducing others to Coronet's illuminating and entertaining editorial content. Probably there are enough prospective Coronet readers in your own circle of friends to give you a handsome return, since the remuneration is more than generous. If you are interested in joining the rapidly growing number of men and women who are thus securing extra-income profits by acting as part-time Coronet Representatives in their communities, you need only write to Richard Harrington, Coronet, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Promptly upon receipt of your request, all necessary particulars will be forwarded to you.

Thoughts of the Month Looking about for something appropriate to quote anent the birthday-month of two great Americans, we ran across a copy of an article read by Charles Laughton some months ago on the radio program, *Three Ring Time*. Its title: *Freedom Is Simple Stuff*. Its author: Hazel Parker, an 18-year-old school girl. The piece really speaks for itself:

"You cannot say what freedom is, perhaps, in a single sentence. It is not necessary to define it. It is enough to point to it.

"Freedom is a man lifting a gate latch at dusk and sitting for a while on the porch smoking his pipe, before he goes to bed.

"It is the violence of an argument outside an election poll; it is the righteous anger of the pulpits.

"It is the warm laughter of a girl on a park bench.

"It is the rush of a train over the continent and the unafraid faces of people looking out of the windows.

"It is all the howdys in the world.

"It is Pegler telling Roosevelt how to raise his children; it is Roosevelt letting them raise themselves.

"It is Dorothy Thompson asking for war; it is General Hugh S. Johnson asking her to keep quiet.

"It is you trying to remember the words of our national anthem.

"It is a man cursing all cops.

"It is the absence of apprehension at the sound of approaching footsteps outside your closed door.

"It is all the things you do and want to keep on doing. It is all the things you feel and can't help feeling.

"Freedom—it is you."

The Coronet Dividend Coupon

(Clip and Mail this Coupon)

READER DIVIDEND COUPON **No. 13**

Reprint Editor, Coronet Magazine,
919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me one unfolded reprint of the gatefold subject indicated below. I understand that I can receive the gatefold, *George Washington*, as my free February reprint dividend, by checking the box next to it. I understand, also, that I may obtain either, or both, of the alternative dividends at 10c each (to cover cost of production and handling charges), if I so indicate.

☐ America's Tribute to Heroism (enclose 10c)

☐ Blue Lcilani: Color Photograph by James Snyder (enclose 10c)

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The Coronet Workshop

RESULTS OF BALLOTING ON PROJECT #15

Following is the result of balloting on Project No. 15 (The Fiction Feature):

a. Should the Fiction Feature be continued?—96%

b. Should the Fiction Feature be discontinued?—4%

And that, if our memory serves us right, is an all-time record for Coronet. But it isn't the only record.

More readers (by almost 40%) than have ever before cast their enthusiastic ballots on this project.

As a matter of fact, the editors have done something about it already—see Project No. 19, below. And so Coronet readers now have two features devoted to fiction at this reading. And perhaps, later, if your warm reception continues unabated . . .?

By far the most satisfactory factor in Project No. 15 has been the tendency of readers to praise *specific* Fiction Features in Coronet. That, to us, means you are not simply anxious to read stories—any stories—in Coronet, but that *the particular stories which we have run thus far appeal to your tastes!*

For that we're doubly grateful.

WINNERS OF THE AWARDS FOR PROJECT #15

For the best letters on Project No. 15, first prize has been awarded to Mrs. G. Robert Johnson, Holden, Washington; second prize to Michel Fregeau, Montreal, Canada; and the third prize to Diane Ryan, San Diego, California.

Project #19

CORONET'S STREAMLINED NOVEL

Last month for the first time in its history, Coronet carried this line at the end of one of its stories: "To be continued next month." Oscar Schisgall's story of the bold adventure of three R. A. F. members, *Mad Mission to Berlin* will be told in four parts. With the appearance of the second installment in this issue, the editors would like to hear your reaction. What do you think of serials? More specifically, how do you feel about them for Coronet?

a. Should Coronet run serials regularly?

b. Should Coronet drop this type of feature entirely?

By writing a letter stating your reasons for your choice of one of these alternatives, you become eligible for a $25 first prize, $15 second prize and $5 third prize. Letters must be postmarked no later than February 25th, and sent to the Coronet Workshop, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



Kate Holliday (*p. 25*)



Frederick Nebel (*p. 132*)



Hans Habe (*p. 153*)



Helen Furnas (*p. 3*)

Between These Covers

. . . Hans Habe, a pale-haired anti-fascist, was born Jean Bekessy in Hungary thirty years ago, escaped a Nazi assassination attempt in 1932, has now taken out first papers. His *A Thousand Shall Fall* has proved a best-seller . . . Helen Furnas is a talented New England housewife. J. C. Furnas (—*and Sudden Death*) is her husband . . . Frederick Nebel, author of this month's Fiction Feature, is a prolific short story writer. He's still a first novelist, though. (*Sleepers East*) . . . Kate Holliday, herself a former radio singer, now glorifies with her pen the raw materials which go into a leading radio manufacturer's products